THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,638.] *Registered at the General Post Office.*] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877. { PRICE . . . . 6*d.* BY POST . . . 6½*d.*

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—Dr For.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Both parties in France are claiming a moral victory in the elections—the Government because they have reduced the majority of the Republicans, the Republicans because, while their expectations of an increase in the number of the 363 have not been fulfilled, they have still the command of the Chamber. There can be no doubt that the material victory rests with the Republicans, seeing that they retain a working majority of 100. What will happen next, no one can tell. It seems to be expected that the Marshal will accept the alternative of submission. The result of the elections is all the more disastrous for him that on the eve of the decisive day, on the 12th, his Ministers made him commit one last distinct breach of the law. It is known that one of the motives for his sudden dissolution of the Assembly in May was the approach of the elections for the General Councils and the Municipal Councils. Part of the first and all the second are elected by universal suffrage. Now 225 out of the 300 members of the Senate are elected by the General Councils with one delegate from each of the Municipal Councils. It was an object, therefore, with the Monarchists to obtain the control of these Departmental elections, if they wished to retain their majority in the Senate, for the councillors now to be elected hold office for three years, and to them would fall the privilege of renewing that part of the Senate which goes out in 1879. Their first plan, apparently, was to put off the Parliamentary elections till the Departmental elections had been held under their management, but the popular excitement at the delay proved too strong for them, and they were compelled to hold the Parliamentary elections sooner than they had wished. This necessitated putting off the convocation of the electoral colleges for the choice of Departmental and Communal Councils. Illegality No. 1. Then as the period for the elections to the Lower Chamber approached, the Ministers, feeling that defeat was probable, were reluctant to quit office without having had the management of the Departmental elections. Accordingly they decided to hold them on November 4. As the Assembly does not meet till the 5th, they hoped to have time to work up the electoral material. Illegality No. 2, and more serious than the other. According to the law, before every election there must be an electoral period of twenty-one days, during which the candidates are before the public. The period for the Departmental elections had to commence, therefore, on October 14. But this brings it into collision with the electoral period which precedes the second ballot for the Assembly, and this is expressly prohibited by the law. There is this further inconvenience attaching to the arrangement that in some parts of the country, where the first ballot has not been decisive, there will have to be a second ballot also for the General Councils. Thus the peasants will have three ballots in close succession—on October 28, the second ballot for the Assembly; on November 4, first ballot for the General Councils; on November 21, second ballot for the General Councils. If the Ministers had made a compact with the clerk of the weather, the electors might have submitted cheerfully to the annoyance; but it is almost certain to increase their unpopularity.

It is said that the "bit of blue sky" which Sir Stafford Northcote perceived in the Eastern horizon had a temporarily actual existence. Mr. Layard, acting on instructions from the Foreign Office, had elaborated a scheme for mediation, based upon the territorial *status quo ante*, amplified and fortified by the spontaneous reforms of the Sublime Porte, the execution thereof to be watched over in the name of Europe by agents appointed *ad hoc* by the British Government. To this scheme the Porte gladly agreed. But in the meantime the other Powers did not quite see their way to delegating their authority to our agents *ad hoc*, especially the Powers at Berlin. Hence Lord Salisbury was obliged to inform the world that the sky had turned quite black again.

Signor Crispi contends in Vienna that he has no official mission. At the same time, he is extremely reticent regarding his visit to France, discontented with England, which, as he says, "has no policy," and is charmed with Germany; whilst as for Austria, the friendship between her and Italy is simply notorious. From Pesth he proceeds to Bucharest, on a visit to Prince Gortschakoff. Finally, he has had 30,000 francs placed at his disposal by the Italian Ministry to defray the expenses of his journey. All this certainly looks as if Signor Crispi's journey really had some official stamp. But, as General Ignatieff went on a similar excursion on account of his eye, Bratiano for kidney disease, and somebody else for something else, it is quite possible that Signor Crispi is really only in search of mental improvement. Perhaps all these illustrious men are suffering from *chorea diplomatica*.

There is no personal animosity whatever between Prince Bismarck and Count Eulenburg, whose resignation has been refused by the Emperor. There is simply a difference of opinion on a practical question. The chief point of difference is that, whilst Prince Bismarck is not opposed to local self-government in the western provinces, he will not allow the election of the burgo-

masters and *maires* by the people, but insists that they should be appointed by the Government, in order to counterbalance Ultramontane influences. He also thinks that the payment of six marks taxes per annum too low a figure to confer the right of voting.

It seemed almost an act of bravado on the part of Mr. Dixon, the engineer of the vessel for the carriage of the obelisk, to bring it over during the most stormy period of the year, but the event has justified his confidence in the floating capacities of his novel craft, although his triumph has been gained at the cost of six lives. If Mr. Dixon had thought of this we daresay he would have been less adventurous. There was no conceivable reason for not waiting for more settled weather, particularly as those who have charge of the curiosity say that they are in no hurry to bring it to the Thames. The *Cleopatra* seems to have had rough weather all the way from Alexandria, being towed down the Mediterranean against a heavy head sea. The accommodation on board was scanty; the mate fell ill immediately after they left Alexandria; one man was so injured that they had to put back, and send him into hospital at Algiers, and the captain, when they reached Gibraltar, was "reported as looking fagged and appearing about a stone lighter than when he started." All this might apparently have been avoided if a calmer season had been chosen, as well as the final catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, when the *Cleopatra* had to be cast adrift by the merchant steamer which was towing her, and six brave fellows lost their lives in an attempt to rescue the crew. Most people would have been heartily glad if the unlucky thing had gone to the bottom, and now that it seems to have been picked up with its fittings uninjured, they are less ready to admire the engineer's success than to reprehend his foolhardiness with other men's lives. It is one way of naturalising the Egyptian stranger as a "sea-dog," but it is a great pity that it should have come to the country charged with such painful associations.

The naval defence controversy now proceeding in Australia will very probably resuscitate the question of Colonial confederation, and perhaps of Imperial relationships. The New South Wales people have accepted Sir William Jervois's recommendation of a single large and heavily-armed ship, in preference to a number of small monitors; but they hold that the vessel should be under the control of the Home Admiralty—the Colony providing for all expenses, except, it would seem, the preliminary expense of building the man-of-war! Supposing the last point settled, there would seem to be no difficulty about the proposal to "coach" the Colonials. It is supposed that our cousins in the Antipodes would be less regular in their drill, take less kindly to the restraints of discipline, and be less ready for an emergency, than sailors and officers from the old country, which is, of course, just as much interested in the security of her colonies as the Australians themselves are. But the neighbours of New South Wales are thinking each about her own navy of one big ship. Will they stand on their respective dignities? Or club all their big ships into a single navy of decent size, and put them under an English admiral? In the latter event, a greater step would be made towards federation than could be expected as the result of debates about the tariff and the China Coolie question.

It is announced that Mr. Gladstone will reply to Mr. Lowe's paper on the County Franchise in the next number of the *Nineteenth Century*, but meantime Mr. Lowe has received a suggestion from Mr. Frederic Hill, of Hampstead, which occupied a column of the outer sheet of the *Times* on Monday. Mr. Hill agrees with Mr. Lowe in thinking that the Reform Bill of 1867 was a blunder, and that a further extension of the franchise would be a further blunder, but he makes a proposal—not made now for the first time—with a view to obviating the evil effects of a reduced franchise, namely, that there should be a graduated scale of franchise, that each elector should have voting power proportioned to the extent of his property. He supports this suggestion by the following analogy:—"I venture to say that if at a meeting of one of our great companies—say, that of the North-Western Railway or of the Westminster Bank—a member were to propose that the rule under which shareholders have votes in relation to the extent of their stake in the concern should be abrogated, and that thenceforth all should be on an equality in this respect—the holder of a single share to have as potent a voice in the election of the directors as the holder of 50 or 100 shares—such member would be regarded as a madman; and that all but himself would feel that the adoption of his motion would place the company in the greatest peril. Yet, in effect, this would be but another application of the principle which, in the selection of men of much greater importance—those forming the House of Commons—has so many supporters as to make it too probable, unless the country shall awake to the danger ahead, that we shall be dragged to even a nearer approach to political equality than we have yet made, and that our noble institutions and our mighty store of freedom and wealth will be placed at the mercy of the most ignorant and least frugal and provident and the poorest of the land." There is, if it is worth pointing out, a weak point in this analogy, a want of correspondence in what logicians call the fundamental circumstance. A State is a more complicated affair than a commercial company; the stake of the individual member is very different in the two cases. It is only the amount of his capital that the shareholder has to protect by his voice in the management, and the interests of all the shareholders are identical; but the individual member of a community wants a voice in the Government for the protection of his life, person, and property, of his freedom of industry, his freedom of opinion, interests which sometimes conflict but which cannot be greater for one man than for another.

Mr. Clare Read's speech the other day, at the meeting of an agricultural association, was the reverse of cheerful in its tone. Farmers have had bad times of late. They have had much more than the weather to grumble at. It is bad enough to get but two good crops in the course of ten or eleven years, but when this happens in the face of cattle disease, increased foreign competition, raised rents, and raised labourers' wages, their patience must be sorely tried. If they could fight fairly against these natural difficulties, their position would be more tolerable. But they have to fight with their hands tied. They hoped for some relief from the Agricultural Holdings Act, but that Act was only permissive, and most of the landlords have contracted themselves out of it. "In Norfolk," Mr. Clare Read said, "there is no tenant-right, and it is imperatively necessary that the Act should be put in force in that county." "If farmers are to feed their cattle successfully in winter, they must have better farm buildings," and they cannot venture to put their capital into buildings when they have no security against their being seized by the owners of the soil. Then there is the ground game. Mr. Clare Read, with all respect for his party, is of opinion that there is "too much ground game kept in some localities." Why do not the farmers take the redress of their grievances into their own hands, and insist upon the removal of the worst restrictions upon their enterprise? They are, indeed, a long-suffering, though a grumbling race. We have shown elsewhere that the country at large is interested in helping them out of some of their troubles.

The *Lancet* admirably sums up the whole gist of the Medical Memorial presented to the Home Secretary in the Penge case in one sentence:—"There was no medical evidence of murder." "Neither the *post-mortem* appearances as detailed in Court, nor the inference suggested by the medical facts sworn to, could be held to

bear out the allegation that Harriet Staunton died by 'starvation or any other form of murder.'" Therefore, 730 doctors consider it their duty to tell the Home Secretary, in spite of Judge and Jury, that the Stauntons were not guilty of murder. The assumption underlying this conclusion is that no person can be convicted of murder unless the dead body bears traces of the murderer's deed. Cannot the doctors be brought to see that in thus insisting upon medical evidence of murder they are holding out a dangerous inducement to the criminally-minded? Supposing, for example, that a man has a consumptive wife whom he wants to get rid of. Under the new professional canons, he will be quite safe if he sets her out on his doorstep on frosty nights, taking care that nobody shall see him but the maid-servant, whose testimony can be invalidated as hysterical. There will be "no medical evidence of murder." Medical men have fastened upon the absence of medical evidence in this case as if it conclusively proved that there was no other evidence, no evidence of deliberate maltreatment and deprivation of food. They entirely ignore the fact that if Harriet Staunton was shut up and ill-treated by the accused persons, acting in conspiracy, they were both morally and legally guilty of her murder, even if she did die in the end of tubercular meningitis.

Those who read Mr. Justice Hawkins's summing-up of the evidence on the Penge case, in which the chain of evidence of the prisoners' guilt was put together with a completeness that left no loophole, must have been struck by the curious fact that there is a danger in proving a conclusion too absolutely. It is a strange thing but true, that, in the words of a recent writer, "if a conclusion rest on probable evidence, or on feeling only, and people are invited to entertain it, and exhorted to embrace it, there are reasonable hopes that it will find many adherents, upon whose minds it has wrought to the extent of producing an impression in its favour, which I cannot describe as either belief or faith without doing violence to philosophical language. But if, on the contrary, the conclusion advanced be supported by an iron chain of demonstration, the general mind, either grudging the exertion of thought necessary to master the proof, or flying off under the influence of anger from what seems an *invasion of its freedom*, will not away with it."

Some of the advocates of the abolition of Capital Punishment have been guided rather by feeling than by judgment in resting their objection to the sentence in the Penge case on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. Of course they may also hold evidence of murder to be insufficient on judicial grounds, but they should not mix this up with the question of the wisdom of the capital penalty. Capital punishment is to be deprecated not merely when the condemned are innocent, but because it has not been shown that it acts as a deterrent, but, strange as the paradox may still appear, rather as an incentive or irritation to crime.

Mr. Cross may be said to have set a good example in taking advice before interfering with the course of a judicial sentence, and there is much to be said in favour of a Court of Appeal in criminal as in civil cases. But we do not see why he should have taken advice and even reheard evidence with closed doors. He could not have been accused of exciting the prisoners with vain hopes, for the fact that their case was being reconsidered need not have been communicated to them, unless their own statements, contrary to the practice of English law, were to be taken into account; and as for increasing popular agitation, that would have been impossible.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

When the news arrived, at the beginning of the month, that the Russians had captured Mukhtar Pasha's fortified positions on the Yaghni Dagh, we expressed an opinion that, "if they were successfully retained, not only would Kars be once more seriously menaced, but Mukhtar Pasha have to draw in his right flank under risk of having his communications with Kars cut off." Now, although the Russians were not able to hold the Yaghni Dagh, on account of the difficulties of obtaining water, the supplies for which lay within the Turkish lines west of the position, neither were the Turks able to reoccupy the positions they had lost, so that practically the Russians still held them under their control. The result has been, as we foresaw it would be. Mukhtar Pasha did not withdraw his right wing, and the consequence is that it was cut off and forced to surrender three divisions strong, with seven Pashas and thirty-two pieces of artillery, whilst the rest of the army has been thoroughly dispersed and forced to take refuge within the walls of Kars. This result was achieved by good generalship, backed by a sufficient number of troops. The Russians had taken up a position on the Karakdara hills, a range of heights stretching between the high road from Kars to Alexandropol, and a country road running parallel with it through the village of Hadji-vali, whence it runs through the valley separating the Yaghni Dagh from the Aladja Dagh. North of the Yaghni Dagh runs the high road to Kars. At the beginning of the month the Turkish positions faced the Russian, and commanded both roads, the left

wing of the Turks occupying the Yaghni Dagh. When this position had to be abandoned by the Turks, they took up a fresh position, running parallel with the southern road, the right wing occupying the northern slopes of the Aladja Dagh, the centre Avlias Tepe, and the left wing covering the road to Kars and the rear of the Yaghni, to guard against an attack from the north. Against an attack from the south Mukhtar Pasha seems to have been relying on Ismail Pasha, and not to have kept a sufficient look-out on his rear in the south. But Ismail Pasha had enough to do in the direction of Igdyr, although the presence of a strong Russian force at Ani, to which we adverted at the time as rendering Mukhtar Pasha's position on the Aladja Dagh as quite inexplicable, ought to have made the Turks fully alive to the danger of a turning movement. But, from whatever cause, this movement was successfully carried out. A force was detached from the main body—probably reinforced by the troops at Avi, and sent to circumscribe the Aladja Dagh by the road we show in our sketch, which leaves the country road from Alexandropol to Kars near Hadji-vali, and rejoins it at Orlok, quite in the rear of the Turkish positions. This extensive movement was carried out, with great precision and secrecy, by General Lazaroff, who drove in the left wing of the Turks after occupying Orlok and forced them to fly towards Kars. It is true that, in the *Times* summary of operations, this movement is represented as having driven the Turks off the *main road* leading from Alexandropol to Kars, and forcing them to fall back partly upon Vezinkoi and partly upon Kars. This is clearly a misapprehension of the facts, for to do this it would have necessitated a turning movement *north* of the Turkish positions, which, resulting in the occupation of Orlok, would have completely barred the retreat of the

Turkish left to Kars, which has not been the case. There is, however, a discrepancy in the accounts of the movement, which explains this error of the *Times* to some extent; but as a turning movement from the north would have placed the Russian column between the fortress and the Turkish left wing, it is highly improbable that it should have been attempted.

However, the Turkish left wing having been disposed of, the centre was attacked on the Avlias Tepe by General Heimann, and was forced to retreat in full flight to Kars. This also proves that the turning movement did not take place on the north, and that the Russians never occupied Vezinkoi, nor advanced beyond Orlok, but, on the contrary, they directed their operations against the right wing of the Turks upon the Aladja Dagh, which, thus being completely surrounded by the Russians after the centre had been dispersed, was forced to surrender.

This defeat of Mukhtar Pasha is decisive. His army can scarcely be said to exist. What is left of it must either go to swell the garrison of Kars or endeavour to make good its retreat upon Erzeroum. There is, however, not much time to accomplish this; for now the Russian forces at Ardahan will be able to co-operate in the investment of the fortress, or in harassing the enemy's retreat. The only hope for Mukhtar Pasha, and it is but a faint one, now rests upon Ismail Pasha and his Kurds, but of him, General Tergukassow will, no doubt, soon give a good account. The chances are ten to one that Ismail Pasha will not dream of trying to come to Mukhtar Pasha's assistance, but will fall back towards Van, in order to be able to fight another day.

The tide has thus been completely turned in Asia; and it is scarcely too much to say that it is beginning to turn in Bulgaria, both politically and militarily. Before Plevna the work of the sappers is steadily progressing, and in some places the fourth parallel has already been completed. Altogether there are now (October 14) no less than twenty-five batteries playing upon Plevna with 176 guns; whilst at the same time the expedition of General Gourko and the occupation of fresh positions to the north-west and south-west of Plevna points to a movement threatening the retreat of the Turks from Plevna, along the high road to Telisch and Orkhanie. There is much doubt as to the object of General Gourko's expedition; it is thought by some that he has taken up a position at Radomirze, where Colonel Levitz captured a convoy of 1,000 oxen, eighty horses, and a large supply of salt and quinine on the 5th inst., after which he destroyed the bridge over the Panoga. But as this bridge, the destruction of which so delayed Chevket Pasha, was repaired by him, and he thereby enabled successfully to send in a convoy of supplies to Plevna, it does not seem as though General Gourko were operating in this direction. Possibly he may not have had time yet to scour the country effectually before occupying a position—say, at Yablanitza, which would enable him to cut off both the supplies and the retreat of Osman Pasha from Plevna. It is also possible that he may have proceeded still further westwards, especially if there are any indications of Osman Pasha intending to fall back upon Vratza, in order to meet the Servian forces which are concentrating on the frontier, and thus cut off his further retreat from Vratza, upon Berkovche, Belgradjik, and Widdin. This seems to be the more probable explanation of General Gourko's expedition, for the road to Orkhanie could be barred by the despatch of a column from Lovatz, especially now that the Turks seem to have abandoned all hope of carrying the Schibka Pass, which would force Osman Pasha to make for Vratza, where, if our surmise is correct, he would find General Gourko and the Servians ready to receive him. We should therefore not at all be surprised to hear that Vratza had been occupied by the Russians. And it is becoming clearer and clearer that Osman Pasha cannot much longer retain his position at Plevna. It must be plain to him that the fall of the place is but a question possibly of days, and that the longer he defers his retreat the less likelihood is there of his succeeding in accomplishing it. But, in truth, his position seems all but hopeless, and a catastrophe imminent at Plevna as complete as that which has just taken place at Kars.

On the Lom line the demonstrations of Suleiman Pasha at Tirstenik and at Elena, whilst he himself remains still with the bulk of his forces at Rasgrad, seems to point to a wish to bewilder the Russians by appearing to threaten the Biela positions and those at Tirnova at one and the same time, and thus lead the Russians to extend their line, so as to afford him a chance of breaking through the centre of the line between Biela and Tirnova. But it is not at all likely that so awkward an expedient would lead the Russians astray any more than that the renewed bombardment of Giurgevo would lead them to the belief that Suleiman Pasha really intends the *coup* that has been ascribed to him of carrying the war into Roumania, and which receives a certain colour from the alleged orders sent to Hobart Pasha to force the Danube. Of course it is possible that Suleiman Pasha may have conceived the idea of endeavouring to put an end to the war by crossing the Danube in force, either by fighting his way to the bridge at Simnitza, or constructing one himself with the pontoons rumour states have been prepared in the River Lom. But it is not worth while considering the possibilities or impossibilities of such a plan, which, however successful, could only end ultimately in irretrievable disaster. It is far more probable that he will try to despatch a strong body to outflank the right wing of the Russian position at Biela, and drive it up to the Danube at Sistova, whilst he himself, supported by Rustzuk and Rasgrad, attacks the left and centre, a day's march from the two fortresses being sufficient to bring him into action with the Russian troops.

THE FRENCH ELECTORAL MACHINERY.

Those who visited Paris on Sunday last, expecting an exciting scene, were disappointed. Only here and there a "queue" at some voting station showed that anything unusual was going on. The streets were calm—almost deserted—during the day, as if the fine weather had tempted the workmen and the shop-keepers out into the country. At night there was more animation. Then all Paris was in the streets, an immense crowd filling the pavements, besieging the newspaper offices, blocking up the entrance to the chambers of the Committee of the Left, watching with feverish eagerness for the flashes of news which the telegraph brought in every other minute from eleven at night till four in the morning.

So little is generally known here of the electoral machinery in France that a sketch of it may not be out of place. Every Frenchman has the suffrage, provided he has never been convicted of any criminal offence, and is not a bankrupt. The right of voting is his by birth, but before he can exercise it he must comply with certain conditions, the most important of which is the inscription of his name in the electoral register. In every commune they make up from January 1 to March 31 a list of all the electors resident for six months in the territory of the commune. Suppose that an inhabitant of Paris has settled at Marseilles, he would have the right of inscribing his name among the electors of his new residence, provided he had installed himself by the latest on September 30. The public functionaries are exempted from this limitation. A prefect, for example, who should arrive on March 31 at the chief place of the department has the right of immediately inserting his name on the register for the year. But when that date is past, the lists are closed for everybody, and they serve for all elections, municipal and political, till March 31 in the following year. An elector may be struck off who leaves the place, or is convicted, or becomes bankrupt, or dies, but no new names can be added. This obligation of six months' residence before admission to the register is often debated. The Advanced Republicans wish to reduce the term to three months; the enemies, more or

less disguised, of universal suffrage, wish to increase it to a year. This last would be in effect to deprive of the suffrage all those workmen whose occupation obliges them to live but a short time in one commune, and all men of business who change their domicile after the fatal date of March 31. It is considered prudent for the elector to assure himself that his name has been inscribed or retained on the register. Every year, during the month of May, the journals regularly warn their readers that they should go to the mayoralty and see that they have not been omitted. This often occurs, notably in the small villages, where the opinions of every elector are known to the mayor or his agents. Members of the opposite party are deliberately omitted, and they have no legal right to complain, once the period is past, if they have not been well enough advised to see to their own affairs. They are politically dead for the year.

This is how the electoral body is constituted. Next for the process of election. From the moment that the decree of the Chief of the State convoking the electors is affixed to the walls, the electoral period is open. It must last at least twenty-one days. During this interval, it is lawful, except during the last five days, to hold public meetings. Up to the last moment of voting, placards may be put up without authorisation and without duty, and every writing having reference to the election, and signed by the candidate or one or more of the electors, may be distributed without permission of the Prefect. This last right has been curtailed during present elections, the prefects insisting upon receiving intimation of whatever is to be circulated twenty-four hours in advance. Within these limits the electoral campaign goes on till the decisive day arrives. At the poll the Opposition have to be very much on the alert against trickery. The Empire was the golden time for adroit politicians. They knew then how to correct cleverly the errors of the electoral body. The polling lasted two days. The urn or the square box into which the electors dropped their voting papers was confided to the vigilant care of the mayor of the commune, and any metamorphoses he chose to make during the night rested between himself and his conscience. When the precious repository was opened, it was sometimes found to contain more voting-papers than there were names on the register; at other times the unanimity in favour of the official candidate was very surprising to the electors. These conveniences for the Government have disappeared. Since 1870 the polling lasts for only one day, beginning at eight in the morning, and takes place at the mayoralty or other chambers appointed by the prefect if the electors are too numerous for one station. But the poll must always be held at the chief place in the commune. The result is thus more quickly known, and at the same time it is easy for the electors to exercise a *surveillance* on the ballot-box.

At eight o'clock the door of the polling-room is opened. You see a big table covered with papers, on the centre of which is placed the voting-urn, a square box with a slit in the top. The electors are admitted, each with a card in his hand, bearing his name, the date and place of his birth, his residence, and his number in the register. The mayor, or a deputy appointed by him, presides. He is assisted by four assessors chosen by the electors present at the moment when the doors are opened. The bureau thus constituted take their places behind the tables, and the file of electors begin to pass. One by one they present their cards to the assessor seated on the left of the president. The assessor verifies the card by a reference to the corresponding name and number on the register, and passes it to the president, who snips off a corner with a scissors, and returns it to the elector. Thus marked, the card cannot be used again the same day, but the elector should keep it in case there should be a second ballot, when another corner will be snipped off in the same manner. Then the elector signs his name opposite its entry in the register, and the signature is verified as being the same with that on the card. These formalities being gone through, the voter hands his voting-paper folded to the president, who drops it into the box, of course without opening it. The paper must be folded when the voter enters the room. It must be of white paper, without any external mark. Such is the law to ensure secrecy. The vote is a serious affair; and in the villages especially, such is the fear of the peasant lest it be known for whom he votes, and such is the curiosity of the mayor, that there is a whole arsenal of artifices for protecting the secret on the one hand and discovering it on the other. The administration have conceived the idea in certain departments of making the voting-paper for their candidates so thin or so thick that it cannot be mistaken for the ordinary paper supplied by the Opposition. The Republican peasant, clever as Ulysses, meets this by a stratagem. Instead of taking one of the papers distributed by the Opposition at the door of the polling-places, he demands the paper of the official candidate; then, as if he had forgotten something, goes home, or to the house of a friend, erases the name of the candidate, and substitutes that of his own choice. Besides this, good Republicans had provided themselves beforehand with Government papers, and set to work to substitute the name of the Republican candidate, and so deceive the eyes of their political friends. The peasant would then repair to the poll with the paper in his pocket, take an official bulletin at the door, and adroitly substitute the good for the bad. This *ruse* did good service in February 1876, but in this age of ingenious inventions, the administration have fallen upon a way of defeating it. One man of genius, a modest man, or he would have taken out a patent for the contrivance, suggested to the Ministers or the prefects the idea of a billet of blotting paper. It is impossible to write on this with ink, and the authorities refuse to count any papers marked with pencil. Good cat to the good rat. The Republicans have met this contrivance by pasting a thin slip of paper over the name of the official candidate, and writing on this slip the name of the Republican. But the Government claim the right of not counting "billets gommés." These little details show how pronounced is the hostility of the peasants to the Government, when they are at such pains to counter-work their electoral "dodges."

At six o'clock the doors are shut, and the president rising asks whether there is any other elector who wishes to vote. The poll is then closed. The ballot-boxes are opened, and the papers are put into paper sacks, each containing a hundred. Then the assessors, and all citizens who wish to take part in the counting, are arranged in fours. One counter holds the sack containing the voting papers, takes them out one by one, reads the name, and passes them on to the second, who verifies him. The other two have a sheet of paper, the lines of which are numbered 10, 20, 30, &c., and their duty is to record the votes, one in each of the numbered spaces. When they have counted a hundred including the rejected papers, they sum up the numbers obtained by each candidate, and pass on to another sack. The whole takes place in the most profound silence, under the eyes of the electors, who are admitted freely to the room, and see that the law is observed. When all the votes have been counted, the presiding officer proclaims the total, and the proceedings are closed with a cry of *Vive la République!* A mounted gendarme is at the door to receive the report signed by the presiding officer and his assessors; this he carries at once to the chief place of the canton, and thence it is transmitted by telegraph to the sub-prefect, who adds up the votes obtained by each candidate, and proclaims the final result.

To make an election valid the candidate must poll an eighth part of the number of electors inscribed on the register; it is necessary, also, that he should have an absolute majority of the votes cast. If it happens that there are three candidates, or if the number polled by the defeated candidate added to the number of blank papers amount to more than the other has obtained, there is a second ballot. But then if the candidate should not have a single vote recorded in his favour, he is elected if he has no competitor for the seat. Such is the organisation of universal suffrage in France. It has been in operation for twenty-nine years; and now that

it has been placed entirely under public control, it must be admitted to be a very simple and effective system for securing the voter in the free exercise of his privilege.

DIPLOMACY AT WORK.

Although diplomacy has its secrets, and knows how to keep them—or betray them—when necessary, it does not deal with unknown quantities. Given certain conditions, certain results must follow. Of that the general public is quite as aware as are the diplomatists. The only room for speculation is how and when these results are to be obtained. Such is the case at present with reference to the relations between Italy and the great European Powers to which the journey of Signor Crispi to the chief capitals of Europe has given such prominence, or, to speak more correctly, has been made to give such prominence. We pointed out last July that Italy was occupying a position which, in case of the Great Powers being ranged against each other diplomatically, or otherwise, allowed her to throw her influence into the scale and turn the balance. We also expressed the opinion that she would still exercise that influence in favour of Prussia. This she has done in spite of the endeavours of the Austrian and British Cabinets to dissuade her. It is now perfectly clear that Italy adheres firmly to Prussia and Prince Bismarck's policy. That is the one great fact to be noted. The next point of interest naturally is as to what Prince Bismarck's policy is. This question is greatly exercising the minds of all parties concerned, including the Italians themselves, of whom a considerable party, to say the least, feels uncomfortable at being bound to a policy which still remains a mystery.

But really there is very little mystery about the matter. The factors of the case are perfectly simple. Between Prussia and Italy there are certain points of interest in common. There is the Ultramontane question. This binds the two equally against France and against Austria, and each has the same interest in supporting the other against aggression or agitation from either side. This alone would be sufficient to warrant a State alliance between the two, and justify, from a statesman's point of view, any measures that might be taken to avert the common danger. But, unfortunately, the bulk of the population of any country is not composed of statesmen. There are popular passions, popular aversions, and popular ambitions to be taken into account; and as these popular elements furnish so many weapons of attack or defence, whilst they insist on consideration, it is but natural that the statesmen should turn them to advantage. They are, in fact, the chief material with which diplomacy has to construct its works; and if we know what they are, and can approximately estimate their force, we can also pretty accurately tell what the result will be, though it may not be possible to say how or when it will be accomplished.

Certain data, however, give a clue to this also. The "mystery" of Prince Bismarck's policy is, or was, as much a mystery to him as to the rest of the world. The use to which he could put the influence Italy afforded him depended on the result of the French elections. It was morally certain that a clerical victory in France would speedily have resulted in energetic action on the part of both Prussia and Italy. How that might have been initiated does not at all matter. There are a dozen questions that might have been, and still may be, raised between France and Italy, and no doubt the course to be adopted by Italy had already been marked out and determined by the Prussian and Italian Ministers. Prince Bismarck was assuredly quite prepared to bid check at the proper moment. At the same time he was equally prepared to exercise more control over Austro-Hungary in its Eastern policy if the result of the French elections relieved him from any fear of Ultramontane machinations; and the success of the Republicans, so far, now enables him to influence the course of the Eastern Question more than would otherwise have been the case. It must have been an anxious time for him, and no one can be more satisfied than he that the "mystery" is partly solved.

We say partly solved, for there is another "mystery," not quite so important perhaps, but still sufficient to invest the question with a good deal of doubt as to the when and how regarding the Prusso-Italian action. It lies in the attitude of Austro-Hungary, and in the degree of alliance between Germany and Russia. The Austro-Hungarian Cabinet pretend that they are on the best of terms with Prussia, and that their interests in the Eastern Question are identical, but the pressure of the Hungarian element in Austria may at any moment produce a divergence. If proofs were required, they could be abundantly adduced. It is just because there is a danger of such a divergence between the two that there is so much excitement regarding Signor Crispi's visit to Germany, France, Austria, and Hungary. Signor Crispi, when at Paris, conferred with Grévy and Gambetta. Coming straight from Prince Bismarck, it cannot be doubted that he concocted certain measures to be adopted in certain eventualities. These eventualities, so far, have not arisen. Now he has gone to Vienna and Pesth for similar purposes. Interest is, therefore, now concentrated upon the development of affairs in Austria. Now, it seems tolerably evident that one reason for action on the part of Italy would be afforded by any hostile action of Hungary against Russia. If the Hungarians were to be so ill-advised as to drive the empire into war with Russia, there can be no doubt but that Germany and Italy would interfere. That needs no demonstration. It is acknowledged by Italians themselves. But then, it will be asked, and the Italians and Austrians are asking themselves very anxiously, why, if the course of Germany and Italy in such a case is so evident, has Signor Crispi gone to Vienna at all? In France the case was very different. There, two powerful parties were ranged against each other, and the crisis was acute. Nothing was more natural than to conclude arrangements with one of the two, in view of a possible but unknown result. In Austria there is nothing of that sort. The usual diplomatic machinery was quite sufficient for all arrangements between the various Courts. The only conclusion that can be arrived at is that Prince Bismarck, having plainly shown what means are at his disposal in case of necessity, wishes to rely on the moral effect of the pending sword, and has sent Signor Crispi to Austria as a sort of *Beschwichtigungsrath*—a reassuring envoy to calm some uneasiness and gain by quiet persuasion—fortified by a judicious glimpse of the sword in the background—what he desires without resorting to extremities.

The alliance between Germany and Italy is based chiefly on the common hostility to Ultramontanism. But there is another matter which enters into the diplomatic complication between these two Powers and Austria. The Italian Liberals have cast their glances longingly on the Trentino; the clericals do not wish its incorporation with Italy at present, as it affords them a vantage ground whence to carry on their agitation, and might at a future time provide them with a bid for popular favour. But these are additional reasons for the Liberals to hasten the question on; and as their wishes in this respect may run contrary to Prince Bismarck's plans, it is quite natural that the agitation should have steadily increased since the summer, and the excitement be deep and great though well kept in hand. North of the Alps the excitement is no less. It has not yet taken the popular form. It is still in what may be called its academical stage. On either side the leaders are agreed that a popular ventilation of the subject should be postponed to the last moment, and be treated as an abstract hypothesis rather than as a practical question. But every week the matter advances a step; the newspapers treat of it more and more as a possibility; pamphlets appear on the subject, lectures are delivered, and essays written by authors of repute on both sides of the Alps. Perhaps the most important of these contributions is an exhaustive article in the current number of *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, by Dr. Schneller, which, though written

against the cession of a single inch of the Trentino, is practically a highly elaborate and most convincing argument in favour of ceding the whole of the district claimed by the Italians. The character of his disquisition is stamped by his opening words. He says:—"The unity of Germany was preceded in the south of Europe by that of Italy. What Germany obtained by her own might on the battle-field from France, Italy obtained by good luck in spite of her repeated defeats. The Italian State reaches up to and into the Alps, but Italian ambition reaches still further; that is to say, to the so-called geographical frontiers. Like the sea-serpent, the report arises from time to time that Italy requires for her completion the Valley of the Trent, and is ready to enter into an alliance with any Power—even Austria herself—which would be prepared to satisfy her desires in this respect. This poor innocent South Tyrol has become a bale of goods for the Italian diplomatists, which they go hawking about from one Court to another; and as far as simple mortals, who have not the fortune to be diplomatists can judge from well-authenticated newspaper reports, they have even proposed an alliance with Russia on the same basis."

This is a strange way of putting the question. Whatever the Italians may gain by acquiring the Trentino, those who desire their services would gain more still, quite apart from the fact that Italy has a legitimate claim to the district, as the facts collected by Dr. Schneller for his own argument against it sufficiently show. There never was a case in which a prophet sent out to curse blessed more effectually; for having compiled an excellent ethnological map of the southern slope of the Alps and the southern portions of South Tyrol, he shows that 124 Austrian square miles thereof are inhabited by a German population of 188,000, but, on the other hand, that 110 square miles of the territory under Austrian rule are inhabited by 341,000 Italians, all lying together, with the exception of two or three unimportant German enclaves. Nevertheless, on high moral and historical grounds, he repudiates quite indignantly any claim of Italy to the possession of these 341,000 Italians. He ridicules the idea of the Italians calling Bozen "Bolsano," Brixen "Bressanone," and of transforming the guttural Teutonic Mühlbach into the more euphonious "Milbacco," Sprechenstein into "Pietraparlante," and the Brenner into "Pirene." "That the Brenner has anything at all to do with a mythical hero who might have been called Brennus," Dr. Schneller exclaims, "is too absurd. The name is evidently and palpably derived from some honest Teuton charcoal-burner—'Brenner'—who fired his piles on this etymologically much-abused mountain." That may be the case, or not; but it is strange that so numerous a race as the charcoal-burners have not given their name to other mountains as well. Still it may be granted that a Teutonic charcoal-burner did once burn the timber of the Brenner forests in pre-Roman days or post-Gothic times; but that is scarcely a reason why the Brenner should now belong to Austria. Such, however, is Dr. Schneller's argument, and he also says that though Trent is now inhabited by only a small fraction of Germans, still at the beginning of the sixteenth century half the population was German. Though even at that period Felix Faber, of Ulm, tells us that the Upper Town was inhabited by Italians, and the Lower by Germans, both parties being continually at loggerheads with each other. Therefore, Trent ought to belong to Austria. Apart from these historical demonstrations of the claims of Austria to these districts, there is the moral worth of the Teuton, whose mission it is to plant the banner of culture amidst the ignorant, priest-ridden Romanic races of the district. But he will not acknowledge that the Italians themselves also possess a certain degree of culture—different to that of Germany, very possibly—which probably agrees better with the Italian temperament than that of the Saxon. A country so jealous of its national integrity as Germany, should not begrudge others the same ambition; and that the wiser portion of Germany does not do so is satisfactorily proved by its alliance with Italy, and its sympathy with the desire that a compact body of 341,000 Italians under a foreign rule should be incorporated with the rest.

A NATIONAL DANGER.

Mr. Giffen's report upon the Agricultural Returns for 1877 has given a certain popular prominence and urgency to a fact which has long been a subject of anxiety within a narrower circle. This is that there has been going on for some years a steady decline in the number of acres under tillage in Great Britain, and a corresponding decrease in the amount of stock kept and meat supplied by our own farmers and graziers for our consumption. With our population rapidly increasing, we are year by year becoming more dependent upon foreign countries for our supply of animal food. There is a marked tendency among our farmers to turn their arable land into permanent pasture, and to content themselves with fattening fewer cattle for the market. Mr. Giffen's statistical report of the fact has forced people into asking why farmers are relinquishing this profitable industry, and has raised uneasy misgivings lest by so doing they are preparing a great national disaster. Suppose part of our supplies from abroad were suddenly cut off, a consequence which might easily follow from our being engaged in a war, what could we do? Where would be the use of our accumulated stores of wealth, if it suddenly became impossible to procure a sufficient supply of food for our population? While we have enough, it is but natural that it should be difficult to conceive the possibility of there ever being a scarcity of food, but the present disturbed state of European politics provides a hearing for the question which it would be less easy to obtain in more settled times. It is to be observed that none of the persons who have written to the daily newspapers on the subject ignore the presence of a serious danger. They admit that the contingency of our population being suddenly compelled to face an enormous rise in the price of food is not one to be passed over lightly.

All are agreed that a diminution in our native meat supplies is a serious source of weakness to the community, and there is a singular unanimity also as to the causes of this diminution. The public mind has fastened at once upon two causes, and it is to be hoped that the impression will not be forgotten when the time comes for dealing practically with those causes, with a view to removing or diminishing their noxious influence. The reason why less and less capital is being employed in this country in the production of food is that the laws and customs affecting the tenancy of land are directly antagonistic to such an employment of capital, are steadily forcing capital out of this channel. If a tenant farmer expends money in bringing his fields to a high pitch of cultivation, he has no legal security that he shall be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his enterprise. Passing over exceptional conditions of agricultural tenancy in Scotland and some parts of England, it is true as a general fact that the farmers of Great Britain have no security that their landlords shall not step in and appropriate their unexhausted improvements. Any improvements in the condition of the soil belong by law to the owner of the soil, and he may resume possession of the soil before the temporary occupier has exhausted the value of his improvements. It does not matter that in many parts, perhaps in most parts of England, the public feeling of landowners is against such an injustice. Full exercise of his legal rights on the part of a landlord is unfortunataly far from obsolete; and while the occupier has no guarantee for the undisturbed gathering-in of his expenditure, except the personal disposition of the owner, the practical results of the system are obvious. One of the correspondents of the *Daily News* last week gave a vivid illustration of how it works. He is the owner of the land which he farms, forty-three acres in extent, and he has laid out 1,442*l.* in stocking it—more than 33*l.* to the acre. Now, he goes on to say, "the average of tenant farmers' capital throughout England is probably not much more than

10*l.* an acre." And, he asks, "why is this?" The answer is that "landlord farming is one thing, tenant farming is another. It makes no difference to me whether I have 1,000*l.* in my pocket, in my land, or at my banker's. It makes a great difference to a tenant farmer. Most of the land in England is farmed by tenant farmers. Therefore, we have not one-half the live stock in England we ought to have, and not a quarter produced which the land is capable of bearing. The more stock, the more manure; the more manure, the larger the crops. The limit of this has never been approached yet. But tenant farmers naturally prefer ten bullocks and one hundred sheep, with meat at 1*s.* a pound, to twenty bullocks and two hundred sheep, and meat at 6*d.* a pound. Why should they increase their expenses and their risks, and reduce their profits, when 'the landlord may boldly appropriate his tenant's capital'? So they do not get the full benefit of their skill, experience, and knowledge; the land goes uncultivated, and the nation suffers."

This, in broad outlines, is the tendency of our present system of land tenure. This is one of the reasons why our farmers are converting arable land into pasture, upon which comparatively little outlay is required, and gradually reducing their enterprise as food producers. And there is another influence, tending hardly less powerfully in the same direction. It would be interesting to have side by side with the agricultural statistics upon which Mr. Giffen has reported, statistics regarding the preservation of game. It has been shown over and over again that wild animals, even supposing them to be sent regularly to market as part of our food supplies, which practically in many cases they are, do not repay the cost of their production as tame—that is to say, cooped, tethered, or herded—animals do. They waste as much as they eat. It is necessary nowadays to take this commercial view of wild animals, even though they are killed for the market nominally by way of sport. Time was when the game on an estate was killed by the landowner and his friends. But within comparatively recent years the lords of the soil, yielding to the commercial spirit of the times, have taken to letting the privilege of killing their game accompanied by the privilege of selling the carcasses. There are now practically two sets of tenants on an estate—the game tenant as well as the agricultural tenant. Landlords have discovered a new source of income in the rents of their shootings. How considerable those rents are, and how enormously the practice has increased game-preserving, was made public by the evidence given before a recent Commission. The game tenant and the agricultural tenant are natural enemies. There are varieties in the process of destruction effected by game, but winged game and ground game alike do great injury to the farmer's crops, when preserved to the extent demanded by modern notions of sport. It requires no intimate knowledge of the country to understand why the neighbourhood of a large head of game should be an inducement to a farmer to turn his corn-land into pasture. Pheasants root out the seeds of his cereals like barndoor fowls, and plunder the stalks of such seeds as escape them when their burden is ripe; hares and rabbits nibble off the fresh green shoots when they first show their heads above ground. The shocks of corn in the neighbourhood of a moor are darkened by swarms of grouse, and the farmer must look on at the work of destruction without daring to pull a trigger in self-defence. There is no love lost between the agricultural tenant and the game tenant of an estate.

If we look at the matter from the point of view of the individual capitalist, there is little ground for interference on behalf of the farmer. He may, indeed, complain with justice if he takes a farm on lease and the head of game is increased during the period of his lease. He has then an obvious claim in equity, though it is difficult to make good at law, for damages against the proprietor of the land. But otherwise he knows, or ought to know, before he invests his capital, upon what sort of a speculation he is entering. He need not occupy the farm unless he likes, and it is for himself to decide what rent he can afford to offer for it. But there is a national view of the matter as well. The present system of land tenure tends towards turning the country into one huge game preserve. We are, happily, free as yet from such a state of things being the fact, but that it is the tendency must be apparent to anyone who considers the growing fashion among men who have made money in business to seek recreation for themselves and their sons in slaughtering—it can hardly now be called by any other name—pheasants and grouse, and hares and rabbits. It is a highly fashionable thing to have shootings; commercial wealth is always eager to ape the ways of landed wealth, as the older and more venerable form. Now if this growing—if not full-grown—fashion has a tendency to place the nation in a dangerous position, by increasing its dependence upon other nations, State interference is fully justified. We do not say that the nation has a right to interfere; we do not wish to use any such abstract term; but the nation will be only acting upon a reasonable sense of its own interests if it does interfere. If the Millennium had arrived, and all countries had unalterably resolved to develop their natural advantages peacefully, and never again have recourse to the clumsy expedient of war for settling their disputes, then a system which enhanced our dependence upon necessary supplies from abroad might be tolerated with impunity. But as the Millennium shows no sign of being at hand, it would be only prudent to see that our home-producers of food are encouraged, instead of being thwarted in their avocation. Not being certain of perpetual peace and goodwill from all mankind, we had better reconsider our land laws, and save our agriculture from extinction, before it is too late.

THE CITY ALDERMEN AND THEIR VETO.

The oft-repeated boast of Sir John Bennett, that he would gain admission into the sacred circle of the Court of Aldermen of the City of London, has not been fulfilled; and on Tuesday last, by his legal adviser, he acknowledged that, except by the sufferance of that most august body, the choice of the electors of Cheap would avail him nought. He might have also known that his humble supplication on Tuesday would have been treated with no greater respect than the thrice-expressed opinion of the electors. We must say that, having regard to the fact that the Aldermen had twice declared him unworthy of joining their body, Sir John Bennett acted foolishly in entering upon a third contest if he did not intend to contest the legality of the right claimed by the Aldermen to disregard the choice of the electors. We are now, however, told that Sir John admits that the Aldermen have this right of veto. It would have saved himself some expense, and the electors some trouble, if he had admitted this after the second election. Still it must be admitted that, by going on with the third election, he has thrown the Aldermen into a more serious and direct conflict with the electors. For the Aldermen themselves will now have to elect out of the general body of the citizens a man to represent the Ward of Cheap in direct antagonism to the suffrage of that constituency. This is likely to lead to an agitation which may prove too strong even for the powerful resistance of the City Corporation. It is hardly likely that an intelligent body of electors will tamely submit to be ridden over roughshod in this way. The question no longer affects merely the electors of Cheap, but the electors of the entire City have a vital interest in the matter. For our own part, we care very little whether Sir John Bennett or any other citizen becomes an Alderman; but we feel some interest in the struggle which is only beginning, and are hopeful that it may accelerate the reform of the most prominent, as it is the most anomalous, of the Municipal Corporations which still remain unreformed.

The Corporation of London is full of strange anomalies which have been denounced over and over again, but which have up to this time been upheld by the great power which the Corporation knows well how to wield.

notwithstanding that their existence is hurtful to the best interests of the Metropolis, and antagonistic to the spirit of the age. This right claimed by the Aldermen is only one out of many ancient customs which have survived the changes of ages. Many of these, we feel assured, need only be exercised to be destroyed, and the wisdom of the Aldermen in calling attention to their strange position may fairly be questioned. The right had not been exercised for over forty years, and its revival to many was the first intimation of its existence. But that they have the power which they claim is, we think, established by law. The Aldermen do not base their right upon any charter or written law, for no charter in the archives of the Corporation alludes to such a right. They claim it as a custom from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and in a case which caused much litigation some forty-five years ago, the Corporation proved by their books that between A.D. 1443 (which was the date when the first recorded instance could be traced to) and A.D. 1689 the Aldermen had exercised this right over one hundred times. From 1689 until 1831 the right had remained unexercised. It is true, when John Wilkes was elected Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, he being then in prison, the Aldermen were very anxious to upset the election, but they evidently did not believe they had the right, or were afraid of their exercise of it, in those days of popular excitement. They consulted the ablest lawyers of the day; and though assured by the opinion of their own Recorder and Common Sergeant that they had full power to invalidate the election, they hesitated acting upon it. Wilkes was therefore admitted, and afterwards, indeed, he became Lord Mayor of the City.

In 1831, however, the veto was resorted to against the admission of one Mr. Michael Scales, who had been elected Alderman by a large majority of the electors of the Ward of Portsoken. Against his admission a petition was presented to the Court of Aldermen, and upon that petition the Aldermen declared him to be, "in their discretion and sound conscience," not fit to be admitted on the Court of Aldermen. His election was thereupon declared void. Scales, without delay, sued out a *mandamus* against the Court, calling upon them to admit him of their body. The case was argued before Lord Tenterden and Mr. Justices Taunton and Parke. The Aldermen pleaded their custom, and the sufficiency of the return they had made. And it was then held by the unanimous opinion of the Court that the custom claimed was a valid and good custom, and further that in the return it was not necessary to state the grounds or give the reasons upon which the unfitness was adjudged, inasmuch as the custom left it to the discretion and conscience of the Mayor and Aldermen. We are not aware what the objections to Mr. Scales were, though in a recent speech of a City Alderman we were told he was guilty of a misdemeanour. But at all events it was held that the judgment of the Court of Aldermen as to the unfitness could not be reviewed to see whether the grounds upon which it was based were sufficient or not. Notwithstanding this adverse decision, Mr. Scales contested the second, as he did also the third election, in each being successful. The Court of Aldermen persisted in refusing to admit him, and, after the third election had taken place, they proceeded to act upon another part of the same custom, and to elect out of the general body of the citizens a freeman to wear the vacant gown. Their choice fell upon Mr. Johnson, whom Mr. Scales had previously defeated. This further right to appoint an Alderman independently of the electors was also contested by Mr. Scales. A *quo warranto* was sued out of the Court of King's Bench, calling upon Mr. Johnson to show by what authority he sat in the Court of Aldermen. The Court of Exchequer Chamber upheld not only the right of veto, but also held that where the same person had been three times elected by a Ward to be an Alderman, and the Court of Aldermen had on every occasion adjudged him not to be a fit person, the Aldermen in themselves electing an Alderman were acting within the law, the custom pleaded by them to that effect being a valid custom. From the decision of the Exchequer Chamber, Mr. Scales appealed to the House of Lords. In the result the right of veto and of election by the Aldermen was upheld. We may therefore take it that so long as the present constitution of the Court of Aldermen is permitted to continue this right will also exist. It is argued that the constitution of the Corporation is not now what it was in 1831; that the franchise has been extended, and the mode of elections changed by a recent statute. In the same way, it was contended, on behalf of Mr. Scales, that the statutes which had been passed regulating the elections to the Court of Aldermen since the veto was last exercised in 1689 had destroyed the custom. But in the litigation carried on by Mr. Scales that point also was set at rest—the decision of the Courts of Law being to the effect that the custom had not been touched by any such changes. From this, therefore, it is clear that Sir John Bennett was well advised that the Aldermen had the right which they claimed.

How long this right will be allowed to exist is altogether another matter. We should hardly think the electors of the City will submit to it very long; and we hope that the least of the reforms which ought to be effected is that which should declare that the Aldermen of the City of London, like the Aldermen of provincial municipalities, should be rendered amenable to public opinion and responsibilities, and that their tenure of office should be for a limited term of years instead of for life, as it now is. Another matter which cannot escape discussion will be whether the administration of justice within the City should be any longer entrusted to unqualified magistrates, while the outside metropolitan districts are under the jurisdiction of trained and competent stipendiaries.

THE BATTLE OF THE SITES.

The choice of a site for Cleopatra's Needle, which may be expected to reach us after all, obviously depends on conditions, first, of spectacular effect; secondly, of historical, antiquarian, or sentimental associations. As Lord Harrowby puts it, "the associations of the monument ought to be in harmony with those of the spot." Again, to satisfy the first condition, the obelisk should be capable of being seen from a variety of distant viewpoints, nor must it appear dwarfed by the proportions of contiguous buildings. We may also include under the second leading head certain ideal considerations of permanence as regards time and space. Finally, as it is clear that no single position completely satisfies all the conditions, we must rest content with that which the most fully conforms to the majority of the essential ones.

It can hardly be denied that—however tastes may differ as to its visual effect—the Westminster site altogether violates the two provisions last named. The obelisk's proximity to the Abbey would invite—or rather force—a comparison between their respective antiquities that would utterly humiliate our venerable mediæval relic. If the Abbey "lent dignity," it would certainly not "receive" any—in which case it would be even in a worse plight than a mushroom architectural specimen of the Victorian era, that had but little of agee and perhaps still less of "dignity," to be robbed of. The idea of duration from the dim past into the far future contributes to the scene of emotion or sentiment connected with the Abbey. Men may come, and men may go; but the grand old pile, we fancy, will stand there—as its neighbour the river, and English history itself, will "flow on—for ever." Yet will it seem but a fleeting thing—as of yesterday—in presence of the mysterious stranger that had numbered its three thousand years before our Abbey was born. Next, of duration in place. The condition of strength in the foundation can scarcely be so very obvious and unquestionable, if the obelisk is to stand on the roof of the tunnel of the Under-

ground Railway! It is no answer to Sir Charles Barry to say that the tunnel may be made as solid as rock; for it will require regular tapping, patching, renewing, by gas or candle-light—steady tinkering, in fact—to prevent the obelisk from dropping through, and perhaps disappearing—as the lighthouse off the Burmah coast did, a few days back, diving straight down, foot foremost, in the Bay of Bengal, and leaving behind it only air-bubbles and vacancy. One would like to know from Lord Harrowby where the "harmonious association" is between so perishable a basis and one of the most permanent antique monuments of human history and art upon the earth? In the next place, Thothmes III. and his obelisk are not associated —harmoniously or inharmoniously—with Edward the Confessor and his monastic church, with the statues of King Richard I., Peel, and Palmerston, with Poet's Corner and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's fountain of Peterhead granite. The utmost that can be said for the general historic "associations" is that they are not incompatible—which is neither more nor less than might have been affirmed if the monolith had been shot from the moon, and not dug out of the sands at Alexandria. If, on the other hand, the "associations" to be thought of are merely antiquarian—if we are to regard the monument only as a curiosity covered over with hieroglyphics for *savants* to exercise their ingenuity upon—its proper site is at the British Museum. But this suggestion may be dismissed once and for all, for the simple reason that the public, or at all events the London public, will not listen to it for a moment. Lastly, the general opinion seems to be that the model obelisk dwindles almost into insignificance beside the huge piles of Abbey and Palace, with their lofty towers. It is also to be noticed that the approach to it from Westminster Bridge is downwards.

Far more eligible, as regards spectacular effect, is the site recommended by Mr. James Knowles, viz. the square, or place, bounded on one side by Somerset House, at the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge. Though only measuring about 150 feet each way—or some 15 feet more than twice the height of the obelisk—this partial enclosure would not appear to press too closely on the monument, whose proportions, again, in comparison with those of buildings not more than 50 feet high, would, as Mr. Knowles says, "look almost stupendous." "It would form the centre of a vista, with Waterloo Bridge beyond it, which is now extremely bald and poor . . . it would be passed by all the traffic to and from Waterloo Bridge (and would help to divide it at the right point); and it would be seen in the most imposing manner from the Embankment Road below." If only Mr. Knowles's "square" were the converging point of long street-vistas, and there were any "harmonious associations" between it and Cleopatra's Needle, the claims of the site would beat competition. But unfortunately there is no such square in London; and, though the traffic of the Strand may be "almost the largest" in the metropolis, it would not come into full and close view of the obelisk until it had reached the corner of Wellington Street. It might be added, in support of Mr. Knowles's choice, that street, "square," and bridge commemorate an epoch to whose annals England and Egypt have jointly contributed. But for our historico-æsthetic purpose the connexion between the victory of Waterloo and the events of the years when Egypt formed the leading factor in the "Eastern Question," as raised by Napoleon, is just a little too remote. And, now before venturing to offer a suggestion of our own, we will ask the reader to remember, firstly, that "harmonious association" is generally admitted to be a no less indispensable condition than purely æsthetic effect—Lord Harrowby, *e.g.*, would apparently be willing to sacrifice a little of the latter if he could secure the utmost share of the former; and, secondly, that it was the dominant idea in the "Needle" discussions of twenty-five and fifty-seven years ago. In 1820, when Mehemet Ali presented the obelisk to George IV., the naval and military critics were advocating its erection in Waterloo Place, as a perpetual memorial of Nelson and Abercromby, and their fellow-heroes. The same idea was revived in 1851, when Mr. Hume—anticipating the munificence of Dr. Wilson—offered 7,000*l.* for its transportation to London. Then, as at the earlier period, and as Lord Harrowby now expresses it, the obelisk was regarded as "the monument of gratitude to England from liberated Egypt." Only now architects and the general public have taken the place of the soldier and sailor critics of sixty years ago. But the companions and the contemporaries of Nelson and Abercromby were still warm with the spirit of their country's greatest war-epoch, a generation had not grown up since England had established her undisputed claim to the title of Queen of the Sea; and for them even Ali's strange present would arouse emotions appreciable but with difficulty by us, their posterity, who pipe only of peace. And thus we should only be performing an act of "natural piety" if we chose the site which would likely have the most fully satisfied the feeling prevalent during that age of heroes.

That site seems to be the river end of Northumberland Avenue. There the obelisk would be supremely eloquent in memories of England's maritime glories, and of her services to "liberated Egypt," as well as to herself. For confronting it—answering it, as it were —at the other end of the new Avenue, Nelson's own column towers above the noble square, named after his last and greatest victory. The obelisk would then become specially associated with the triumph of the Nile. And next, why should not the beautiful highway which links them together be rechristened "Nile Street"? That is what the people of Paris would do, if the locality and the "harmonious associations" were theirs. Let us try to realise for a moment how the choice of position and change of name would appeal to the patriotic feelings of every Englishman and Englishwoman living abroad. But Nile Street, as we should like to see it called, is equally eligible on purely artistic grounds. The obelisk would be no more "dwarfed by the dimensions of the river" than the Clock Tower itself, if it were in the same situation. It would appear to great advantage from the busiest thoroughfare in London, command the most superb promenade in Europe, and be visible from far distances on the river, whose ports produced so many of Nelson's "sea-dogs."

KENSINGTON GARDENS, OLD AND NEW.

No. I.—Old.

A solitude tempered by chance humanity, a wilderness where Nature did a great deal and man little worth speaking about, a scrap of real forest scenery pitched down in the immediate vicinity of a huge city, a place somewhat dank and dreary, if you like, but not devoid of a certain poetic charm—such were Kensington Gardens some thirty-five years back. Of pathways there were but few, and those ill kept, with moss growing here and there on the surface, and the grimy gravel rarely relaid or broken up. One circular walk ran right round the gardens, joining the present Broad Walk at either end; other routes there were none, if we remember rightly, except occasional by-paths worn through the long grass by chance currents of pedestrian traffic. A track of this sort ran from the north end of the Long Water through the trees, until, after skirting the Round Pond, it joined the Broad Walk opposite the Palace. This was the most important of the by-paths, forming the shortest road between the just rising districts round Hyde Park Gardens and Old Kensington. Both sheets of water were left to take care of themselves, which they managed to do in some sort of way without becoming blocked up. At the north end of the Long Water, where Dr. Jenner now superintends the fountains, a little rill of water spouted out from a clay bank. The grassy margins of the lake were usually dotted here and there with patient anglers, who, armed with permits from the Ranger, sought and caught the burly bream and the captious carp, from morn to night.

Good-sized fish were often captured—fish of four and five pounds each—and not a little science was required for their successful disentanglement from the weeds. If you chanced to be passing that way just before the gates closed, you would see some man here and there throwing something into the water, with every appearance of secresy. Was it a murdered baby, or were the mysterious beings endeavouring to dispose of the inconvenient limbs of an assassinated woman, after the manner of the then famous Mr. Greenacre? Neither one nor the other; inoffensive brethren of the gentle craft, these, and their occupation nothing worse than ground-baiting a favourite hole for next morning's fishing. Queer things found their way into the water for this purpose. A deceased tabby in an advanced state of decomposition was accepted as the finest and surest ground-bait, but, in default of that *bonne bouche*, a mixture of clay and earth-worms, or of greaves and bran, would serve the occasion. No fishing was allowed in the Round Pond, which positively teemed with roach of gigantic size. The popular tradition was that the Ranger kept this water for his own sport, and a dark whisper went abroad that he often fished there after the Gardens were cleared. Of course the existence of this preserve formed a standing temptation to less illustrious anglers, especially as the park-keepers were too old and too infirm to have much chance of catching an agile poacher. Curious fossils, those park-keepers, with their red waistcoats, and sticks, and leisurely gait. They had an autocratic way with them, something like that of the stern official who keeps order in the Reporters' Gallery of the Commons. If you were properly deferential, they would occasionally unbend, but their general demeanour was haughty, as became the servants of Royalty. As a rule, they were not very sharp-sighted; indeed, the wicked sportsmen who used to poach the Round Pond scarcely concealed their contempt for the awe-inspiring guardians of law and order. Those naughty varlets would fish that forbidden water right under the noses of the park-keepers, and when the latter, becoming aware of the crime, moved majestically against the offenders, it was amusing to see the leisurely manner in which the poachers packed up their fishing gear, and pouched their prey, previous to a bolt. Then ensued an exciting chase, with some half-dozen of the red-breasted ones hallooing and trotting after the foe, who eventually escaped by jumping down the ha-ha on the southern side of the gardens. When the pursuers reached that fatal gulf, they halted as promptly as Mehemet Ali did lately when he came across the strong Russian force at Cerkovna, and, like him, forthwith commenced "a strategic movement to the rear."

In some points, however, the laws of the Gardens were effectively administered by these wheezing old gentlemen. No soldier in uniform, no policeman in official costume, no flunkey, gorgeous with all the colours of the rainbow—how splendid our flunkeys were in those days, to be sure!—could hope to escape the lynx-eyed janitors of the Royal demense. Why they should not be allowed admission was a standing puzzle to thoughtful people, but so the law ordained, and the keepers carried it out with rigorous inflexibility. Dogs, too, were *anathema maranatha*, unless carried. No canine paw was permitted to desecrate those sacred walks; not even when led by a string or chain was Fido permitted to enter the gates. He must be carried, and carried he sometimes was, by a flunkey in plain clothes, following at the heels of a haughty and obese dowager. For, in those days, female swelldom of mature age and comfortable proportions greatly affected the Gardens, where there was no chance of meeting the dreadful people then styled "the lower classes." These latter certainly had the right of admission, provided they were decently dressed, but few cared to exercise the privilege. At that time Kensington Gardens seemed a long way off, and the depressing aspect of the place, its funereal gloom and general look of desolation, prevented an inconvenient popularity. Even at the Palace itself no effort was made to keep vulgar curiosity at a distance. About half-way between the western edge of the Broad Walk and the front of the building there ran a light iron hurdle railing, about three feet high. The green sward stretched right up to the Palace, without either tree or hedge, or shrubbery, to break the view from the walk. As the railing was not very far from the windows, anyone who chose might have carried on *espionnage* with the greatest ease. But "society" journals not having been invented thirty-five years ago, the inhabitants of the Palace suffered no inconvenience on this account. There were no enterprising writers in those days to peep in at the windows with a view to discover whether the old Duke of Sussex was smoking his biggest meerschaum, or whether the Duchess of Inverness wore a dressing-gown at breakfast. These requirements of journalism were left for the present generation to delight in; the past used to dislike stories, however racy, which were obtained by eaves-dropping or by spying.

Not far from the Palace there was, and still is, a spring of pure water. At the time of which we write, this rill broke through the ground itself, forming a little pool surrounded by natural greenery. Famous was it among the mothers of Notting Hill, and even the distant villages of Acton and Ealing had heard of its sovereign efficacy in certain infantine disorders. Whether a single child was ever cured of anything by drinking the water may be doubtful, but the belief obtained almost universal credence in the surrounding district, and the spring was accordingly resorted to by invalid infanthood generally. It was a pleasant spot just thereabouts, with the great elms swaying overhead, the silver sheen of the Round Pond glinting 'twixt the trees, and the thick carpet of grass growing under their pleasant shade. In those days grass used to really grow even under the thickest copses within the gardens, and the trees themselves showed every sign of vigorous health. You rarely saw any instance of decay, except in the case of forest patriarchs that were succumbing to the weight of years. Both in this respect and in regard to the grass, Kensington Gardens quite equalled the best-kept park in the country. They bore a strong likeness, indeed, to the well-wooded domain surrounding that ugly house at Auchinleck, where Bozzy's rough old father was wont to speak of his former visitor, Dr. Johnson, as "the fat schulemaster who said he kept an 'acawdemee.'" Taking the Round Pond as a centre of observation, and turning your back on the Palace, you might look in every direction without seeing either a gravelled walk or a bare patch of ground. Flowers there were none, not even in front of the Palace, and but few shrubs broke the grassy banks of the Long Water. A by-path ran along each side, but so boggy were these tracks generally, that scarcely anyone but the anglers before mentioned cared to stroll by the waterside. In hot weather there was, it must be owned, a noisome stench from the lake, which late in the year bore a tremendous crop of Brobdingnagian weeds. However, the *habitués* did not seem to mind that objectionable odour, while the weeds vastly increased the excitement of angling by affording the fish a refuge in which to sulk until either the weed-entangled line broke or the hook came home. The gates running under the Serpentine bridge on both sides were always kept shut. No one could even surmise why they had been placed there, but tradition said that they were kept for the use of Royalty. This was also supposed to be the original purpose of certain awful arbours, formed of solid masonry and of classical design, which ornamented the gardens here and there. One of these, removed from another site, is still to be seen close to the fountains, and few will doubt that so gigantic and hideous an arbour must have been intended for great and reverend personages.

Such, then, was the aspect of Kensington Gardens just about the time when the good—we think he was called "Good"—Duke of Sussex smoked his last pipe and shook off his last morganatic tie. An unkempt, forlorn, deserted place, if you like, with only the foot-

falls of stately dowagers on the circular walk to break the silence; but a place where the weary mind was sure of rest, where the noise of the jarring world came only as a distant humming, where the contemplative might ponder in peace, where the poet could dream at his ease, and where you might indulge in a comfortable feeling that you were a veritable lord of the earth. Those splendid avenues of swaying trees, those interminable vistas of greensward, those bright patches of sunlight dancing on the velvet carpet under the great elms and beeches—these things seemed to be your own exclusively for the moment. And as you sat amid the clump of tall Scotch firs on the northern side, you wondered, not without gratification at your own superior discernment, that, out of the myriad inhabitants of London, so few had discovered the charms of Kensington Gardens. Unfortunately the *habitués* did not keep this astonishment in their own bosoms. They talked of the green and leafy paradise within a mile of where Tyburn Tree once stood, and so it came to pass that the Gardens gradually changed their character. How great that change is, we purpose to show hereafter.

AN APOLOGY FOR BLUEBEARD.

Professor Zeller, the illustrious author of the 'History of Greek Philosophy,' once published an essay to clear the character of Xanthippe, the wife of Socrates, from the aspersions which have long rested upon it. He shows conclusively that most of the charges brought against that lady are of late origin and of doubtful authenticity, and that the judgment of Socrates himself, the aggrieved party, upon his wife, was of a very different kind from the legend of calumny which after ages have built up. He likewise points out, with a candour worthy of a philosopher, that Socrates must have been a husband to try the patience of an even more submissive wife than Xanthippe is alleged to have been. For Socrates, amid a race of men which has fixed the type of manly beauty for all time, was grotesquely ugly. He was a man who neglected a bread-winning profession in order to spend his days in the unpopular task of convincing his fellow-citizens that they did not know what they were talking about. He was, what women cannot abide, an oddity. His hours were irregular; the company he kept was dubious; his habits were unaccountable; the money he gave to his wife was probably limited in quantity. And what woman could tolerate his imperturbable calmness under conjugal reproof, the polished irony of his repartees, his practice, most exasperating of all to the feminine mind, of always asking for a reason, his frequent exhortations to self-knowledge, and the intimations which he sometimes let fall, that he valued her temper as an exercise to his own equanimity? What fair-minded man could expect from a woman that she should have an eye for the unsurpassed gifts of character and intellect which lay hidden under this provoking exterior? Thus, by applying the historical method, and letting his consciousness play freely round the subject, the distinguished critic has dispelled the prejudice which once existed against this misconstrued woman, and thrown much unexpected light on the domestic relations of a man who must have been fascinating to anybody rather than to his wife. But Xanthippe is unhappily not the first or the last whose relations in married life have been judged harshly and ungenerously. A still more conspicuous instance of the shallow censoriousness of the world is to be found in the measure which has been meted out to the unfortunate Bluebeard.

An impartial investigation of the life and fate of this luckless but interesting character will not fail to show that, at the worst, if he erred at all, he was more sinned against than sinning; and that there is, indeed, every reason to hope and trust that, in his conjugal deportment, he was wholly and absolutely blameless. Let us briefly state the facts known about him, and the conclusion which these facts appear to warrant.

In the first place, the misfortune of his situation must be taken into account. His beard, it is recorded, inspired such extreme horror that few men, and no woman, could at first look on it without a shudder. Of what avail were his wealth, his influential position, and those social powers of which he gave frequent proof, when he was sentenced to the aversion of one-half the human race by his natural infirmity? The isolation to which this affliction condemned him must have made the craving for sympathy and affection all the more irresistible. There is ample proof that, notwithstanding the abhorrence caused by his beard, he was a man full of social charm. Even before his last unfortunate marriage, four women had already consented to become his brides. It is notorious that young ladies prefer a pair of epaulettes or a well-trained moustache to all the cardinal and theological virtues. What force, then, must there have been in this man, with none of the prestige of uniform or beauty, to have won so many female hearts! But the sense of his mental accomplishments only embittered the feeling that he was physically a shocking anomaly among mankind. That he had slain his first four wives will presently appear to be in the last degree improbable—but they had undoubtedly disappeared. We are not left without the means of conjecturing how. Smarting under his misfortunes, and robbed of almost the last shred of faith in human (and female) nature, he nevertheless resolved to make one final throw for domestic happiness and peace.

Hard by dwelt a widow lady with two sons, both absent in the army, and two daughters of great beauty. It was to this tranquil home that Bluebeard turned for something which might make him forget the past. His addresses, however, were not, for the first moment, received with much favour by the maidens. Bluebeard seems to have behaved admirably. When questioned by the mother as to which of the two was the object of his attentions, he replied, with a calmness and impartiality of judgment which did him honour, that it was immaterial. But the Immaterialist was not destined to be happy. Soon, indeed, a brief gleam of sunshine broke through the cloud. Bluebeard's perseverance, the kindness which he lavished on the ungrateful girls, the splendid receptions which he gave them at his country seat, did, in fact, make an impression upon one of them—the younger sister—who consented finally to the marriage. The fatal knot was tied. The honeymoon appears to have passed off without any misunderstanding. But at the close of the first month of marriage business summoned Bluebeard from home on a journey of some length. Attempts have been made to represent this voyage as a mere feint to deceive his wife; but his traducers may be defied to bring forward a single fact in support of this view. Indeed, the perfect—the touching—confidence which he showed in her is enough to refute it. The trusting husband put the key of every room, of every drawer, of every box and casket, including that which gave access to his money, his jewels, and his private papers, into his wife's keeping. One key only—the too famous key—he strictly charged her not to use. Had not his conscience been void of offence with regard to his former wives, it is ridiculous to suppose that he would have taken this step, which otherwise must almost infallibly have led to his detection and punishment. Why he—who knew too well what women, from Eve downwards, have been like—entrusted her with the key, cannot be said with certainty. He seems to have wished to test her obedience. It is possible that even in the first weeks of marriage he may have observed in her signs of weakness, of frivolity, of womanish curiosity. For him, set apart by nature to exceptional suffering, marriage must be everything or nothing. Had she stood the test, the autumn of his life might have made some amends for its blighting spring. He went and left her; and no sooner was he out of sight than, forgetful of his commands and her own promises, regardless of every other key and lock, she went straight to the door of the forbidden chamber. For awhile she stood there in hesitation, not unmixed with a tremulous anxiety balancing between duty and

curiosity. At last—and of course—the latter won the day. She unlocked the door, entered the room, and there saw four decapitated women, hanging to as many nails. At the shock of this unexpected sight she let fall the key; and the stain of blood which it bore when she picked it up, no washing, scrubbing, or scraping could remove. The sequel may be told in a few words. Bluebeard, the day after his departure, was met by letters which informed him that his business was done. Joyfully he returned home, and after embracing his wife with effusion, asked her for the keys. All were returned to him except the one marked with the telltale crimson. The husband's suspicions were justly aroused. He demanded the missing key. The wife, confused and trembling, declared that it was mislaid, and asked for time to find it. Time was granted. At length delay, evasion, and subterfuge ceased to serve her turn. The key was at last produced, with its irrefragable evidence of the wife's disobedience. Then at last Bluebeard's self-control gave way. Snatching up a carving-knife which lay near, he was about, it is alleged, to inflict upon her a punishment which his calmer judgment would have shown him to be somewhat in excess of the offence, when she stayed his hand by a prayer for time to make her peace with heaven. In the very whirlwind of his passion, the indignant husband found room for mercy. Time was granted, and, in the interval, as is well known, the brothers were, with the connivance of her sister Ann, brought into the castle, and Bluebeard himself was overpowered by superior numbers and put to death.

Now, what proof is there that Bluebeard killed his former wives, or deliberately planned the murder of the last? To take the second point first. His treatment of her, up to the time of his return from the journey, is described as uniformly kind and affectionate. Nay, more; it was that of a man who, though he may have noticed certain defects in her character, still trusted her fully. We are so accustomed to look at his conduct in the light of our own uncharitable prepossessions, that a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts has the air of special pleading. Surely there are neater and quieter ways of getting rid of a wife than chopping off her head in open daylight, in a house with several people in it, and close to the king's highway. The truth of the matter probably is that Bluebeard, in a transport of not unnatural indignation, caught up the first weapon which came ready to his hand, with the object, possibly, of doing no more than frighten the disobedient woman. That, even in the midst of his just incensement, he was open to the appeal of pity, is conclusively proved by the respite which he granted her—a respite for which he himself paid dearly. Taking the severest view of his case for which the facts offer the faintest justification, no honest jury would bring him in guilty of anything worse than an attempt at manslaughter when in a state of temporary insanity. The poor man, in fact, is to be pitied, not blamed. The unfavourable view of his conduct towards his last wife is founded on the gratuitous assumption that he was blameworthy in his relations with the other four. But of this there is no proof. There is, indeed, no reason to think that the decapitated women, whoever they were, had been murdered at all. In the first place, to repeat the argument used above, who ever heard of such a clumsy way of giving people their quietus? Bluebeard was of all men precisely the one to treat murder as a fine art, to choose the most dexterous and scientific means of committing it. Nor, again, is it conceivable that one wife after another would have fallen by his hand, without the friends of the murdered women setting the police on the assassin's track. It is equally unlikely that after one or two had disappeared, nobody knew where, others would have been found ready to take their place. Nor is there any evidence that the women hanging on the nails were, after all, the missing wives. Bluebeard was far too clever a man to dispose of them in this way; and, if he were not, the law would long before his fifth marriage have had something to say to him. It is more than probable that the unhappy women, disgusted with the personal appearance of their husband, and too shallow and frivolous to understand the great qualities to which his abnormal hairy development blinded them, had absconded with certain officers from the neighbouring barracks, where it is known positively that the two brothers were stationed. It is notorious of what exploits in this department military men are capable. Possibly, indeed, or rather probably, the very two men by whom the blood of the injured husband was at last shed were themselves the wicked agents by whom his domestic peace had been already four times ruined. To anyone who impartially and conscientiously weighs the evidence on both sides, this is the explanation which will most commend itself. Many difficulties are removed by this hypothesis. It explains why the brothers, ever on the watch for an opportunity to rid themselves of one whom they had so grievously wronged, turned up at the precise moment when they could give some plausible colour to their deed of violence. It explains why, two to one against Bluebeard, and better armed, they did not deliver him up to justice, and incur the risk of public exposure, but slew him on the spot, and silenced the one voice which would have marked them out for infamy. And, on the other hand, it sets the generous affection of Bluebeard, which could fix itself on a woman from whose family it had already received such irreparable wounds, in a halo of romantic glory. The one hitch—and it is a very trifling one—lies in the problem as to the hanging corpses. Since they did not belong to the former wives, nor were they the bodies of murdered women at all, what were they, and how did they come there? This is a difficulty; but without difficulties there would be no such a thing as faith.

POETRY.

"FAREWELL."

Farewell! I thought you loved me once—that dream is past for ever!
Farewell! I must forget you now; that is, I must endeavour.
From all your vows of constancy I set you free henceforth,
And you needn't try them on again, I know now what they're worth.

You have quite ceased to care for me; with Science you've been bitten,
Since you read that very stupid book that Mr. Darwin's written.
I can't think what it signifies; I'm sure I never wondered
Whether we all descended from one "Type" or a hundred.

If you remained unaltered, I shouldn't care the least
About the variability of any bird or beast;
But you carry out the principle of change and variation,
So I leave you to your Science—may it prove a consolation!

I call it such a waste of time, bothering about these things,
Racking one's brains to find out why opossums haven't wings.
Of course it's very curious spiders should live on flies,
And that the tails of peacocks should be so full of eyes.

Of course it's all most interesting, there's not a doubt about it,
But I think that you and I, dear, were happier without it;
So I act on this idea of Natural Selection,
And beg you to accept of my definitive rejection.

Yet the light of all my life is quenched, my happiness gone by;
I shan't "struggle for existence;" I shall just lie down and die.
Each hour I live apart from you my misery increases,
And it's all through Mr. Darwin and his 'Origin of Species.'

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE ON WHEELS.

We rub our eyes. Have we wandered into a Brazilian swamp, then, during the long, dark night? The yellow light of the early morning is shining down on those dusky pools of sluggish water, on the dense forest, on the matted underwood, and the rank green grass. How the railway track does not sink into this vast mere passes our comprehension; there seems scarcely sufficient mud on these scattered islands to support the partly submerged trees. But, as we are looking out, a new object suddenly confronts the eyes. Instead of that succession of still creeks we come on a broad expanse of coffee-coloured water that broadens out as it rolls southward, and we cry, "The Mississippi!" And over there, on the other side, we see a big and straggling town picturesquely built along the bluffs, and all shining in the early sunlight. But the Mississippi detains us not; nor Burlington either. Our mission is westward, and for ever westward—through the perpetual forest, with its recurrent clearances and farms and fields of maize. Surely it is a pleasant enough manner of passing this idle, beautiful day. The recent rains have laid the dust; we sit outside the car and lazily watch the rich colours of the underwood as we pass. Could anything be deeper in hue than the lake-red of those sumach bushes? Look at that maple—its own foliage is a mass of pale, transparent gold; but up the stem and out the branches runs a creeper, and the creeper is of a pure vermilion that burns in the sun. Westward—and for ever westward. We lose consciousness of time. We resign ourselves to the slow passing-by of the trees, and the farms and the maize. It is like a continuous dream.

And was this, we asked ourselves—was this, after all, America? In the by-gone days, before we ever thought of utting foot on this vast continent, we had our imaginary ictures of it; and surely these were bigger and nobler things than this trivial recurrence of maize—maize—maize—an occasional house—endless trees and bushes, and bushes and trees? Who does not remember those famous words that thr illed two nations when they were spoken?—*"I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."* But where were the condor's wings to give us this vision, now that we were about midway between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains? We only saw maize. And then we tried to imagine an American's mental picture of England—something composed of Stratford-on-Avon, and Westminster Abbey, and Rydal Mount, and Milton, and Shakespeare, and Cromwell—and his bitter disappointment on sailing up the Mersey and coming into view of the squalor of Liverpool. This was the nonsense that got into our heads on this sleepy and sunny day.

But by-and-by the horizon widened, for we had been slowly ascending all this time; and you may be sure there was a little excitement throughout our party when we began to get our first glimpses of the prairie-land. Not the open prairie just yet; but still such suggestions of it as stirred the mind with a strange and mysterious feeling. And, of course, all our preconceived notions about the prairies were found to be wrong. They were not at all like the sea. They were not at all melancholy and oppressive. On the contrary, they were quite cheerful and bright in the sunshine; though there was still that mysterious feeling about them; and though the unaccustomed eye could not get quite reconciled to the absence from the horizon of some line of hill, and would keep searching for some streak of blue. Surely there was nothing here of the dreary wastes we had imagined! First of all, and near us, was a rich wilderness of flowers, of the most bountiful verdure and variegated colours—masses of yellow sun-flowers, and lilac Michaelmas-daisies, and what not, with the blood-red of the sumach coming in. Further off, the plain rose and fell in gentle undulations covered with variously tinted grass; and here and there were the palisades of a few ranches. Further away still were wider and barer undulations, marked by one or two clusters of the minutest specks, which we took to be cattle. Then beyond that again the open prairie-land—long, level swathes, of the very faintest russet, and grey-green, and yellow-grey, going out—out—out until the blue sky of the horizon seemed quite close and near to us compared with that ever and mysteriously receding plain. This vast distance was not awful, like the sea. It was beautiful in its pale colours; it was full of an eager interest—for the eye appealed to the imagination to aid it in its endless search; and if it was an ocean at all it was an ocean that broke at our feet in a brilliant foam of flowers. This similitude was, indeed, so obvious that we unanimously were of opinion that it must have been used by every American poet who has ever written about the prairie-lands.

We had for our nearest travelling companions two commercial gentlemen of a facetious turn, who certainly did their best to amuse our women folk. It was the lieutenant, of course, who had made their acquaintance. One was a Philadelphian, the other a New Yorker; but both were in the sewing-machine business; and it was their account of their various experiences in travelling that had induced Von Rosen to join their conversation. They were merry gentlemen. They ventured to ask what might be his line of business—white goods, or iron, or western produce?

"And if it is white goods, what then?" said the ex-soldier, with great *sang-froid*.

"Why, sir," said the Philadelphian, gravely taking out a number of cards, "because money is money, and biz is biz; and you want to know where to buy cheap. That's Philadelphia sure—the American metropolis—the largest city in the world—yes, *sir!*—eighteen miles by eight—two rivers—going to have the Centennial—the best shad——"

He was regarding the New Yorker all this time.

"Yes—shad!" said his companion, with affected contempt; for we could see that they were bent on being amiably funny. "If you want shad, go to Philadelphia—and cat-fish too—cat-fish suppers at the falls only seventy-five cents a head. And fresh butter, too—go to Philadelphia for fresh butter, and reed-birds, and country-board—best country-board outside of Jersey—keep their own cows—fresh milk and all that. But if you WANT TO TRADE, Colonel, come to New York! New York ain't no village; no one-horse place; no pigs around our streets. We've got the finest harbour in the world; the highest steeples; the noblest park; the greatest newspapers; the most magnificent buildings—why, talk about your Coliseums, and Tuileries, and Whitechapel, and them one-horse shows; come and see our Empire City!"

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

"Yes; and leave your purse in Philadelphia before you go!" sneered his enemy, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. "And ask your friend here to show you the new Court House, and tell you how much *that* cost! Then let him drive you up the avenues, and have your life insured before you start, and show you the tar-and-sand, and mush-and-molasses pavements—patent pavements! Then ask him to introduce you to his friend the Boss, and mebbe he'll tell you how much the Boss got away with. And then about the malaria? And the fever and ague? And the small-pox? And people dying off so fast they've got to run special trains for the corpses? And the Harlem Flats?"

"Now hire a hall, won't you?" said the Knickerbocker. "Hasn't our cat got a long tail! Why, you could roll up Philadelphia into a bundle and drop it into a hole in the Harlem Flats. But I wouldn't mislead you—no, sir, if you want water-power go to Philadelphia—and grass—splendid grass—and mosquitoes. Tell him about the mosquitoes now! Friend of mine in the sugar line married and went to Philadelphia for his honeymoon. Liked a quiet country life—no racket, except the roosters in the morning—liked the cows, and beauties of nature—and took his bride to a first-class hotel. Fine girl—bin chief engineer on a double-stitch sewing-machine. Well, sir, the Philadelphia mosquitoes were alive—you bet. In the morning he took her to a hospital—certain she had small-pox—two weeks before the doctors could find it out. The man's life was ruined—yes, sir: never recovered from the shock; business went to the dickens; and he ran away and jined the Mormons."

"Jined the Mormons!" cried the Philadelphian. "Why don't you tell the General the story straight? Don't fool the man! Jined the Mormons! He threw her into a sugar vat—sweets to the sweet, sez he—and married her mother—and went to New York, and was elected Mayor as the friend of Ireland—eleven hundred thousand Irishmen, all yelling for the Pope, voted for him. No, General, if you want to trade with Americans, with white men, you come to Philadelphia; we live cheap and we sell cheap; and with our new line of steamers, and our foreign trade——"

"Tell him about the canal boats—why don't you tell him about the three canal boats?" said the other scornfully. "It is a fact, General—when three canal boats loaded with pop-corn and sauer-kraut got to Philadelphia, the Mayor called out the militia for a parade—yes, *sir!*—the town was illuminated, the newspapers had leaders on the revival of commerce, and the people all had two inches sewed on to their coat-tails And mind, General, when you go to Philadelphia, you tell the conductor where to stop—tell him the wood-and-water station opposite Camden—the train stops by signal——."

Whither this conflict might have led us, can only be conjectured. It was interrupted by our halting at a small station to have a mid-day dinner. And we did not fail to remark that the shy and handsome girls who waited on the crowd of ravenous people in this humble hostelry had bright complexions and clear eyes that spoke well for the air of this high-lying country. The lieutenant was furious because he could get nothing but water or iced tea to drink; his wife remarked that she hoped he would always be as well off—showing that she had had her speculations about her probable life as a ranch-woman. But another member of the party was anxious to get away as soon as possible from the devouring multitude; and when she was outside again, on the platform, she revealed the cause of that pensiveness, that had at times dwelt over her ace during the morning.

"Really now, *really*, do you think I was right?" she says, in a low voice. "I have been thinking over it. It seems so cruel. The poor thing is just breaking her heart over the mistake she has made—in ever leaving him; and now, when she would have this excuse, this opportunity of appealing to him—of going to him without any appeal—it seems dreadful to keep her in ignorance."

"Tell her, then."

"But the responsibility is terrible," she pleads again.

"Certainly. And you absolve yourself by waiting to know what Balfour's wishes are. What more?"

"If—if I had a daughter—of her age," she says, with the usual quiver of the under-lip; "I do not think I should let her go further and further away from her husband just when there was a chance of reconciling them——"

"Will the chance be less next week, or the week after? However, do as you like. If you tell her, you must appeal to her not to do anything rash. Say you have written. Or you might suggest—if she is so very penitent—that she should write to her husband——".

"Oh, may I do that?" exclaims this tender-eyed hypocrite; as if she ever demanded permission to do anything she had set her mind on.

You never saw one woman so pet another as she petted Lady Sylvia during the rest of that day. She had never shown so much solicitous attention for the comfort of her own children, as far as any of us had ever noticed. And it was all because, no doubt, she was looking forward to a sentimental scene when we should arrive at Omaha, in which she should play the part of a beneficent fairy, and wise counsellor, and earnest friend. Happily it did not occur to her to have a scene in the railway-car, before a score of people.

This railway-car, as the evening fell, was a sore distress to us. Our wish to have that fleeting glimpse of the Mississippi had led us to come on from Chicago by one of the slow trains; and from Burlington there was no Pullman car. Ordinarily this is about the pleasantest part of the long trans-continental ride from New York to San Francisco; for on it are dining cars, which have within their narrow compass pretty nearly every luxury which the fancy of man could desire, and which therefore offer a capital way of passing the time. If one must go on travelling day after day without ceasing, it is surely a pleasant thing to occupy the last two or three hours of the evening by entertaining your friends to a banquet—and, if you are alone, the conductor will accept an off-hand invitation—of twelve or fourteen dishes, while the foaming grape of Eastern France, if Catawba will not content you, is hard by in an iced cellar. With these wild delights we should have been disposed to dispense, had we obtained the comparative seclusion of a Pullman car; but as the long and dull evening set in we learned something of the happiness of travelling in an ordinary car in America. During the day we had spent most of the time outside; now we had to bear with what composure we could show the stifling odours of this huge and overcrowded compartment, while the society to which we were introduced was not at all fastidious in its language, or in its dress, or in the food which it plentifully ate. The lieutenant said nothing when a drunken woman sat down on his top-coat and refused to allow it to be removed; but he did remonstrate pitifully against the persistent shower of beetles that kept falling on our heads and necks. We could not understand whence these animals came. Their home could not be the roof of the car; for they were clearly incapable of maintaining a footing there. Or were we driving through an Egyptian plague of them; and did they come in through the ventilators? It was a miserable evening. The only escape from the foul odours, and the talk, and the shreds of food, was sleep; and the close atmosphere gave its friendly help; but sleep is apt to disarrange one's head-covering; and then, that guard removed, the sudden sensation of having a beetle going down the back of

one's neck banishes sweet dreams. About half-past eight or nine we got to Council Bluffs; and right glad were we to get out for a walk up and down the wet platform—for it had been raining—in the pitch darkness.

Nor shall we forget Council Bluffs soon. We spent three mortal hours there. All that we saw was a series of planks, with puddles of dirty water reflecting the light of one or two gas-lamps. We were now on one bank of the Missouri; and Omaha, our destination, was immediately on the other side; while there intervened an iron bridge. An engine would have taken us across and returned in a very short time. But system must be followed. It was the custom that the passengers by our train should be taken over in company with those arriving by a train due from somewhere else; and as that train had not made its appearance, why should we not continue to pace up and down the muddy platform? It was not the least part of our anxiety that, after an hour or so had passed, ex-Lieutenant Oswald von Rosen seemed disposed to eat six or seven railway porters, which would have involved us in a serious claim for damages.

He demanded whether we could not be allowed to walk across the bridge, and on to Omaha. Certainly not. He wanted to have some clear understanding as to how late this other train was likely to be. Nobody knew.

"Du lieber Himmel!" we heard him muttering to himself, somewhere about eleven o'clock, "and in this confounded country the very sky is black with telegraph-lines, and they cannot tell you if we shall be here all the night! *Is it the beetles that have stopped the train?*" he suddenly demanded of a guard who was sitting on a hand-barrow and playfully swinging a lamp.

"I guess not," was the calm answer.

"We might have been over the river and back half-a-dozen times—eh?"

"That's so," said the guard swinging the lamp.

It was near midnight when the other train arrived; and then the station resounded with the welcome cry of "All aboard!" But we flatly declined to re-enter one of those hideous compartments full of foul smells and squalor. We crowded together on the little iron balcony between the cars, clinging to the rails. And by-and-by we had a dim impression that we were in mid-air, over the waters of the Missouri, which we could not see. We could only make out the black bars of the iron bridge against the black sky, and that indistinctly. Still, we were glad to be moving; for by this time we were desperately hungry and tired; and the sumptuous hospitality of Omaha was just before us.

Alas! alas! the truth must be told. Omaha received us in the most cruel and hard-hearted fashion. First of all, we imagined we had blindly wandered into a kingdom of the bats. There were some lights in the station, it is true; but as soon as we had got into the hotel-omnibus and left these gloomy rays it appeared as though we had plunged into outer darkness. We did not know then that the municipal authorities of the place, recognising the fact that business had not been brilliant, and that taxes lay heavily on themselves and their neighbours, had resolved to do without gas in order to save expense. All we knew was that this old omnibus went plunging frantically through absolute blackness; and that in the most alarming manner. For what were these strange noises outside? At one moment we would go jerking down into a hollow; and the "swish" of water sounded as if we had plunged into a stream; while we clung to each other to prevent our being flung from one end to the other of the vehicle. And then, two seconds afterwards, it really did appear to us that the horses were trying to climb up the side of a house. There was one small lamp that threw its feeble ray both outwards and inwards; and we saw through a window a wild vision of a pair of spectral horses apparently in mid-air; while inside the omnibus the lieutenant was down at the door, vainly trying to keep his wife from tumbling on the top of him.

"It is my firm conviction," said Queen T., panting with her struggles, "that we are not going along a road at all. We are going up the bed of the Missouri."

Then there were one or two more violent wrenches; and the vehicle stopped. We scrambled out. We turned an awe-stricken glance in the direction we had come; nothing was visible. It was with a great thankfulness that the shipwrecked mariners made their way into the hotel.

But was it hospitable, was it fair, was it Christian of the Grand Central of Omaha to receive us as it did after our manifold perils by land and water? Had we been saved from drowning only to perish of starvation? In the gloomy and echoing hall loud sounded the remonstrances of the irate lieutenant.

"What do you say?" he demanded of the highly indifferent clerk, who had just handed us our keys. "Nothing to eat? nothing to drink? Nothing at all? And is this a hotel? He! It is nonsense what you say: why do you let your servants go away, and have everything shut up? It is the business of a hotel to be open. Where is your kitchen—your larder—what do you call it?"

In reply the clerk merely folded up his book of names, and screwed out one of the few remaining lights. Happily there were ladies present; or a deed of blood would have dyed that dismal hall.

At this moment we heard the click of billiards.

"Ha!" said the lieutenant.

He darted off in that direction. We had seen something of billiard-saloons in America. We knew there were generally bars there. We knew that, at the bars, there were frequently bread and cheese supplied gratis. Behold! the foraging soldier returns! His face is triumphant. In his hands, under his arms, are bottles of stout; his pockets are filled with biscuits; he has a paper-packet of cheese. Joyfully the procession moves to the floor above. With laughter and gladness the banquet is spread out before us; let the world wag on as it may, there is still, now and again, some brief moment of happiness. And we forgave the waiting at Council Bluffs; and we forgot the beetles; and we drank to the health of Omaha!

But it was too bad of you, Omaha, to receive us like that, all the same.

LITERATURE.

LIFE OF TITIAN.

[*First Notice.*]

Titian: His Life and Times. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1877.

There were four artists of the very first rank whose life and work had been left untouched by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's earlier labours in the history of Italian painting. With Lionardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, our authors had dealt hitherto only by allusion. The wide territory these lords of the craft inhabit had been surrounded but not occupied; their victories had been forecast but not chronicled. There was, of course, a good reason for the omission. In works such as the 'History of Painting in Italy,' and the 'History of Painting in North Italy,' designed not to celebrate individual achievement but to trace the general movement of the art, the names we have mentioned could scarcely have been included. For, in the first place, their owners represented not so much the progress of Italian art as its completion, and further their

individual stature is too commanding to serve the purpose of a general treatise. The appearance of such giants transforms history into biography, and leaves all carefully-adjusted theories at the mercy of overpowering facts. According to the scheme of their earlier work, therefore, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle could not have done justice to these names, and any attempt to deal with them would inevitably have had the result of disturbing the harmony of their scheme. Moreover, in the case of three out of the four, much had already been done by others. Raphael, Lionardo, and Michael Angelo had all found biographers, and, although later research may have added something to our store of facts, the portraits left to us by the works of Passavant, Houssaye, and Grimm, remain in all essential features complete.

Titian alone had been neglected, and it is to Titian that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have now made amends. By their elaborate study of his life and art, they have completed the story of painting in North Italy, and in a manner that, as far as diligence and research can go, leaves nothing to be desired. It is, indeed, altogether fortunate that these able writers should have found ready to their hand a task for which they were so specially fitted, for it must be owned that their gifts are not of a kind that would have served them so well in dealing with the great masters of Florence. Their analysis of style in painting is always seen to least advantage when purely technical questions are perplexed by profound intellectual problems, and had they attempted to reconsider the claims of Lionardo, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, there would perhaps have been more to regret than to welcome in the achievement. As it is, they have been able to do well what before had scarcely been done at all. Neither Titian's art nor Titian's career can be said to demand in a biographer any exceptional power of intellectual sympathy and understanding, and herein, perhaps, may be found the explanation of what would otherwise seem unaccountable neglect on the part of earlier art historians. The subject has not been found sufficiently attractive to writers of strong originality. It has failed to supply them with material for subtle speculation and analysis; it has not awakened the kind of impassioned curiosity which forms the governing impulse of all the most brilliant biographical study. Titian's work in painting is perhaps as great as any that the world has seen, but beneath its serene and contented beauty there does not lurk the charm of an intense imaginative individuality. One of the greatest of living artists has observed that the contemporaneous growth of the two schools of Florence and Venice would almost seem to have been specially designed to mark the opposite poles of artistic faith and practice; and certainly it is in the presence of the life and work of Titian that this distinction assumes its fullest significance. Never was great artistic work so little penetrated with the artist's personality; and never, surely, has so long a life proved so barren of all the higher elements of biographical interest. And this is not because little is known, but rather because the varied incidents of his career, and even the utterances of the man himself, are colourless and insignificant. It may be observed, however, that this inherent limitation in their subject has been in some sense an advantage to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who might scarcely have been able to command the resources necessary for profound or vivid portraiture. As it is, they have been free to devote themselves to the careful collection of outward facts concerning Titian's life, and to the technical examination of his paintings—a twofold labour, for which it would, perhaps, be hard to find any other writers on art so well prepared. No praise can be too high for the patient research that has gone to the making of these two portly volumes. Our authors have taken nothing at second hand. They have surpassed all earlier biographers, not merely by the wider information they bring to bear upon such store of knowledge as was already accessible, but by new and fruitful discovery of original documents. And what they have done for the facts of Titian's life they have also done with even more completeness and at greater pains for the works he has left to the world. When we remember that the paintings to which the artist's name is attached exceed the number of one thousand, and that, with but few exceptions, all these pictures have been examined by our authors, it will be readily admitted that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have done all that could possibly be demanded of them in order to render their work final and complete.

It would be idle within the limits of this review to attempt any summary of the events of Titian's life, and it would not be easy in any case to draw from our knowledge of these events a vivid portrait of the man himself. "There are few artists," remark Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "of whom we possess so many private letters as Titian, yet his epistolary correspondence gives less clue to his character than one might expect, because it is usually confined to business." This remark would seem to apply, not only to his letters, but to himself. The impression that is left us of Titian after the perusal of these volumes—an impression for which we should be partly prepared by his work—is that of a man whose personality was almost completely sunk in his business. He was, from youth to old age, a most capable man of affairs, rising by sure and gradual advance, not merely to the highest place in his profession, but to the most brilliant social position. His passage through life was adorned with much of that sumptuous splendour that he loved to paint; it was blessed with a kind of ease and luxury very appropriate to a master of the Venetian school, in whose ideal the image of outward beauty was troubled as little as possible with the problems of the spirit.

It is instructive to observe that Titian himself was mainly instrumental in fixing this ideal permanently upon Venetian painting. At the time when he entered upon his career there was a possible alternative even within the school itself. The influence of Mantegna, one of the greatest masters of imaginative design that ever lived, was still powerful. It had partly moulded the genius of Gian Bellini, and it was destined to exercise an inexhaustible fascination over individual artists of nearly every school and every time. Men as differently endowed as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Dürer, Rubens, and Rembrandt, all found an irresistible charm in the inventions of the great Paduan. But for Titian this charm seems scarcely to have existed at all, and from the first he willingly yielded himself to those counter influences that were already giving to Venetian painting its final shape and character. On the side of design, Carpaccio, enlarging the initiative of Gentile Bellini, was beginning to introduce into art a freer and more familiar style, crowding his canvasses with incident and action imported directly from observation of the life of his time. In his system of invention the painting of history approaches very nearly to the principles of *genre*. With a *naïveté* more liberal but less intense than that of the Florentine painters, he was able to attain more nearly to a precise and vivid imitation of Nature; and while the ideal of portraiture was thus surely introduced into the mode of composition, a kindred tendency was even further developed in the realm of colour. Here the efforts of Gian Bellini, and still more of the elder Palma and Giorgione, had gone far to decide the future direction of Venetian style. The new use of the oil medium, with its larger imitative resources, was opening out new triumphs to painting, was in fact creating a new race of painters. Under these circumstances it is perhaps scarcely just to say that Titian's choice was free. Had he been endowed with the highest imagination he might still no doubt have seized and revived the tradition Mantegna had left, enlarging it, as it was enlarged at Florence by Michael Angelo or Raphael. But his genius was not of a sort to arrest a movement already begun; its peculiar power consisted rather in the ability to give to this movement a full development. In his hands a magnificent artifice took the place of passionate invention, and severity in style yielded to a rhetorical splendour of design. The intellectual significance of art was gradually over-

powered by the new forces of its realism. We admire a Venus by Titian not because she is like a goddess, but because her flesh is like flesh. The beauty, the refinement of the work dwells not in the idea but in the execution, not in the draughtsmanship but in the colouring; it depends upon the painter's minute and subtle observation of the endless gradations of tone and upon his wondrous power of translating what he perceives by means so magical that art reveals no failure and Nature owns no loss. A Florentine painter used colour as he used lines—to express an idea. His desire was not so much to repeat the appearances of Nature as to arrest the shapes of his own imagination, and therefore the imitative effects of his art, though more precise and more sharply defined, are not so vivid, and have not the same power of illusion as those of the Venetian painter. Realism is, in short, the accident of Florentine painting, not its essence, so that even the portraits of the school admit more of the individuality of the artist, and have a higher imaginative quality, than subject pictures of the later Venetian school. We need not pause to consider which of these two ideals is the nobler, for the world would not willingly lose the fruit of either, but we know from experience which was the safer and more secure. The spirit of portraiture that was the basis of Venetian art kept the products of the school sound and healthy when the great imaginative style of Florence was already in decadence. An art that peoples a world of its own with types of its own creation is beset by perils from which realism is exempt. It is only safe when it is directed by men of great gifts and perfect sincerity; it will not bear the touch of mediocrity, it perishes altogether so soon as its faith yields to cold and settled rule. It is not, therefore, surprising that, of the two schools, that of Venice endured longer, and was more fruitful in example to Northern masters. Her splendid practice, employed always upon the triumphs of portraiture, escaped the taint of a declining intellectual life. It was inherited by the great masters of Flanders, and was finally transmitted to the portrait painters of our own school.

SHELLEY.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Vol. IV. London: Reeves and Turner.

Mr. Forman has at last completed his labours, and we are able to review the entire scheme of his edition. When the first volume appeared, more than a year ago, we analysed the editor's mode of procedure and warmly commended it. As the work has progressed Mr. Forman has not been able to carry out as thoroughly as he proposed his conservative principles with regard to the text. It was all very well as long as he had only to deal with volumes prepared by Shelley and revised under his own eye, but when it came to the printing of works originally edited by Mrs. Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and those transcribed by other hands from lost MSS. of Shelley, it was impossible any longer to cling entirely to the text before him. Conjecture followed conjecture, and in the end we find Mr. Forman in much the same position as Mr. Rossetti, except that he had shown much less temerity and much less ingenuity. We are far from blaming him on this account; we are of opinion, on the contrary, that his text is more worthy of the poet than if, with rigid consistency, he had merely printed what came before him. At the same time, when once conjecture steps in, doubt and confusion follow close on its heels. It is plain that we must make up our minds to the fact that among the impossibilities of a sublunary desire is the possession of a perfect text of Shelley.

That this is an object of desire to so many persons is, however, a very suggestive and interesting fact. In the cult which this minute investigation implies the worshippers of this one modern poet stand alone. There is no such affectionate and oft-repeated investigation of the text of Wordsworth, Byron, or Keats, though the mere poetry of these men finds as many adherents as Shelley's, and the last of the three cries out at least as loudly for a scholiast. We believe it is the vatic character of Shelley's utterances that makes his admirers so passionately desirous that they should be understood to their minutest clause. The verse of Wordsworth and of Keats consoles, delights, or animates us; we walk beside the poet, in adoration, indeed, but still as a companion. These great and noble writers render with divine earnestness and beauty immemorial truths about life and nature, truths which are axiomatic in their character, and of each of which we are ready to cry, Why have we not ourselves remarked this? Over these primal observations and reflections there is thrown, as a robe, the unique style of each author, an external character as individual as the internal substance is universal. But in the works of Shelley we meet with a very different phenomenon. The poet in this case is not a companion, or even a master, but a priest. The prophetess at Delphi was not more isolated among the inspired women of Greece, among the Sapphos and the Erinnas, than Shelley is alone among the modern poets. It is not a question of excellence of style. The fumes of the mountain-cleft may intoxicate the seer, his utterance may become what an unbeliever considers hectic, hysterical, febrile, or it may flow in interwoven harmonies of the most unrivalled beauty. It always preserves its hieratic character, and is primarily given, not, like most poetry, to delight, but to instruct and initiate. Among the religious teachers of our epoch, Shelley takes a place still but dimly recognised, but none the less surely felt. His lessons of the divine and inherent majesty of Man, with all the responsibilities, ardours, and devotions that it brought in its wake, sprang like the Phœnix out of the ashes of a state of things in which Man, as man, was crushed under the traditional tyrannies of priestcraft and kingcraft. To his own generation the teaching of Shelley was not only unintelligible, it was profane and monstrous. To our generation, after sixty years, it still appears Quixotic and remote, but the fictitious horror of it has happily passed away. "Prometheus Unbound" is the gospel narrative of this new creed, of which "Hellas" forms the Apocalypse.

> The world's great age begins anew,
> The golden years return,
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn:
> Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
>
> Another Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendour of its prime;
> And leave, if nought so bright may live,
> All earth can take and heaven can give.
>
> Saturn and Love their long repose
> Shall burst, more bright and good
> Than all who fell, than One who rose,
> Than many unsubdued:
> Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
> But votive tears and symbol flowers.

In these triumphant words, with which it seems that "Hellas" should have ended but for the bitter present that drew a last inopportune stanza from the poet, we have no merely consolatory contemplation, and still more no sensuous repose in nature. These are notes blown through the trumpet of a prophecy, and though it may be a thousand years before they are fulfilled, there are those who believe that they will at last be true in the apprehension of the human race. Be it so or not, the priestly function of the poet remains, and by his mission, not by the words of it, does he stand or fall. This, we take it, is the true reason of the anxiety so many persons in our day are feeling to obtain the genuine text of Shelley. It may one day be a scripture to the "Kingless continents sinless as Eden" of which its marvellous writer never ceased to dream.

It is, perhaps, not unnecessary to recall to the readers of our age, an age so supremely cynical that it can hardly realise the existence of enthusiasm more distinctly than a Borgia that of pity, the marvellous moral

elevation of this great poet and prophet. A learned and ingenious writer has lately (in the *Athenæum* of September 29) made an attack on the character of the poet which cannot be overlooked by his disciples and lovers. It is mere persiflage, though such pleasantry wounds more than it exhilarates, to speak of a book of Shelley's as the "favourite quarry of a host of prurient garbage-seekers." No one knows better than the critic that the writings of Shelley contain no single passage, although the writings of Blake and Swedenborg, similar in intention, contain many, which can be tortured into a prurient intention, or which those "garbage-seekers" he speaks of would not reject with disappointed indignation. It is unhappily true that among the many schemes for public and private regeneration of life with which the mind of Shelley was engaged, most of these being at last recognised as just and true, there was one which universal opinion has reprobated as utterly wrong and mistaken. Turned out of the garden of daily life into the wilderness, Shelley gathered a handful of herbs of which the perfume and the healing properties had been hitherto unrecognised. He was an exile; he gathered without counsel or help. His nosegay was rejected with loathing; the recognised physicians cried out that everything he held was venomous. Time has proved the worth of what his own age rejected; only in a single instance that age was right. In the cluster of simples there was a poison; let us throw it away, but do not let us brand the pure-hearted philanthropist for this one error of judgment, grave though it be, for this one destructive element in such a galaxy of things that are pure and lovely and of good report.

We are far from differing from the *Athenæum* critic in his estimate of the doctrine put forth in "Laon and Cythna." The preface to that poem is puerile in its defiance, and would be well forgotten. Mr. Forman very possibly committed an error of judgment in replacing "The Revolt of Islam" by this first and half-unpublished draught. But we deprecate the exaggeration that asserts that the existence of this poem shuts Shelley out from the women and the youth of England. As a matter of fact, the human interest in "Laon and Cythna" is so slight, the plot so vague, and the whole tenor of the poem so shadowy and unreal, that the nature which could be contaminated by it must be already on the highroad to corruption. The poem is, indeed, so extremely uninteresting, that it must remain practically powerless for good or evil. It is the one work of Shelley's, if we except "Queen Mab," which is dead. This being the case, and we imagine that so much will be readily admitted, it seems a pity for one who proves himself in other passages to be a warm and enlightened student of Shelley's best works, to concentrate his bull's-eye of moral reprobation of what has never had a single defender, and which, by its entire want of vital interest and power of delineation, is already half forgotten. If the incestuous passages of "Laon and Cythna" had been worked out with the passion and fascination that an Elizabethan dramatist would have given to them, we should have no word to say in their defence, should say, let this limb be amputated, or we cannot admit the body to our popular libraries. But we all know such is not the case, and for our own part we prefer to dwell on the manifold moral excellences that adorn the majority of Shelley's writings.

THE HOTBEDS OF DISEASE.

Preventive Medicine in Relation to the Public Health. By Alfred Carpenter, M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

For many a thousand years mankind has jogged on living and dying, each unit taking its shifting place in the kaleidoscope of life, ever changing in form, yet ever remaining the same, and seeking in vain for that rest which should be the perfection of life, but which can only be found in death. All the accumulated wisdom of these thousands of years has taught us only one absolute fact as regards ourselves, each one individually. That is we have each of us been born. There is indeed one other fact as regards others, and which by a strong effort of reason we can imagine as regarding ourselves, and that is, that we must all die. But this is a very vague idea, and conveys but a misty meaning to the mind, although there are some people who go so far as to say they know they must. But of this, as applied to the individual, there is no evidence at all; and the general tendency of man's mind is towards the conviction that he will live for ever; for when a man is in a position to know he is dead, he is quite incapable of expressing any opinion on the subject, so that the word "death" conveys about as much real meaning to the mind as the word "prebth," which describes the state before birth quite as accurately as the word "death" describes the state after the cessation of life. Having once started on his journey, man cannot believe otherwise than that he will go on for ever; and though a limit has been scripturally fixed at 100 years, there does not seem to be any reason why that limit should not be extended at will.

This very natural, and, in some cases, highly agreeable, idea derives considerable strength from Dr. Carpenter's statement that, whilst 90 per cent. of the children in certain parts of Liverpool die before they reach the age of five, only 10 per cent. are lost amongst the children of the peers of the realm. This inspires us with a strong hope that, as eighty may be saved, twenty might be saved also, and mortality be reduced to 0 per cent. But, as 80 per cent. more die amongst the lower orders than amongst the peerage, it also follows that 80 per cent. more are born. This is due, according to Dr. Farr, to an effort of Nature to compensate for the excessive waste of life going on in large towns; but Dr. Carpenter does not share this view, and very properly deprecates the error of regarding one cause as cause and effect. Overcrowding favours a rapid production of life, but also a rapid destruction of life. It is impossible to accept Dr. Farr's theory except on the presumption that there is only a limited amount of the materials necessary to produce life, and that no more can be produced after a certain quantity has been used up till the stock has been replenished by death. That such a state of things may be comprehensible at some future period, when sanitary science shall have eliminated all preventible diseases, may be conceded. It may even be conceded that disease and death may be abolished altogether by a judicious system of diet and drainage, and the consequent danger from over-population be avoided by methods yet unknown. Till then, however, there is no reason why the general mortality of the public should not be reduced to that of the peerage. Such is the opinion of sanitary science, which of course does not enter into the question of *l. s. d.* to counterbalance the wear and tear of common life; that is outside of its province. But at the same time it is hopeless to expect a poor man to attend to the interior of his drains before he has attended to the interior of his own stomach. Appeals to him on behalf of sanitary science are thus quite thrown away. The only chance of success lies in working upon the fears of the "peerage," and impressing upon them the conviction that instead of 10 per cent. they might lose only 5 per cent., or, on the other hand, 25 per cent. of their children, unless they attend to the orders of the sanitists and pay accordingly. That they should pay for their immunity is but just. It would be highly unfair for one man with 100*l.* a-year to pay for the rich peer in order to keep down the mortality in the rich peer's family. The *pro bono publico* argument does not fit in here at all. According to Dr. Carpenter and other eminent authorities zymotic diseases are caused by infection germs spreading about, or being spread about, through defective arrangements, to remedy which is the objec. of preventive medicine. Of course prevention is better than cure; but it is useless to begin prevention after the evil has half done its work. Waiting till the germ of infection has appeared, and then devising an elaborate system of drains, pipes, traps, and ventilators to carry it off and kill it, is very much like bolting the door after the steed has flown. This, how-

ever, is all that the sanitists profess to do. Let us have the control of your germs of disease, they say, and we will see that they are properly disposed of. In fact, the peer says that he does not care whether 10 or 90 per cent. of the children die of preventible diseases as long as the germs these diseases produce are carried safely away beyond the reach of his optic and olfactory nerves, and do not endanger the life of his children beyond the inevitable 10 per cent., to which, as a wise law of Providence which keeps the estate together, he not altogether unwillingly submits.

It would, therefore, be much more satisfactory if the sanitists were to strike at the root of the evil, and endeavour to grapple with the causes that produce the germ rather than with the causes that occasion its dissemination. But to this important subject Dr. Carpenter refers only once, and that only in the latter sense. He says:—"The second class of Medical Officers of Health are members of the Poor Law Medical Service, appointed by the Boards of Guardians to alleviate the sicknesses which afflict the poor. These officials, being in immediate and early contact with State diseases (*sic*) are called upon by the destitution authorities (*sic*) to advise as to the best means to be used for the *arrest of epidemics*, and they have generally to urge upon their local authorities the adoption of preventive measures."

The italics are ours. Perhaps unintentionally, Dr. Carpenter has touched upon the very root of the evil by using the phrase "State diseases" and "destitution authorities." The diseases from which the poor mostly suffer are in truth "State diseases," as they are caused by the negligence of the State. To put it in the form of an axiom, "State disease" is a diseased state; and "destitution authorities" are authorities for destitution. But there Dr. Carpenter stops. The disease having appeared, the medical officer steps in to adopt measures for the arrest of epidemics. They ought rather to adopt measures to prevent the epidemic from breaking out at all. It may be objected that it is impossible to fix the limit below which the poor man cannot be allowed to sink without falling a victim to typhoid or any of the other thirty-two zymotic diseases of which Dr. Carpenter gives a list. But there are certain measures which might be adopted, yet which are not adopted, by the State authorities, which would undoubtedly go far to raise the vitality of a district without any extra expense at all to the State. Of this Dr. Carpenter says nothing. It is beyond his province as sanitist in the present acceptation of the term. It may therefore be permitted to point out a few of these measures. For instance, Dr. Carpenter says that "dampness in walls is a source of evil, and that wet foundations are especially to be avoided." This will be conceded by everybody. Yet from the window of the room in which these words are written it can be seen that there are some fifty or sixty houses being "put up" without any foundation at all beyond a thin layer of concrete and pebbles on the surface of the ground to build the walls on. Underneath the flooring there is the bare ground, in all its native simplicity. Not only this; the sand used for the mortar and plastering purposes is sea-sand, which, owing to the salt it contains, is always more or less in a state of deliquescence leading to that efflorescence which so frequently may be seen variegating the monotony of a dead wall. Again, it is not a rare thing to see a board stuck up on a piece of waste ground, with the inscription, "Rubbish may be shot here." Rubbish is shot there; and when the picturesque inequalities of the ground are filled up with the nondescript refuse that comes out of the dust-hole, further rubbish in the shape of bricks and mortar are piled up upon it, called houses, and let at rents varying from 8*s.* 6*d.* a week, taxes included, to 40*l.* to 50*l.* per annum without taxes. The water cistern is generally placed in the closest proximity to the most unsavoury place in the house, to save a few feet of piping. As for the drains, out of sight out of mind. Now, ought not these matters to be under the control of the building inspectors? There are such officials; but they seem to limit their exertions to seeing to the proper "elevation" and the appearance of the street. As it is, the poor are quite at the mercy of the small builders who have advanced from the positions of bricklayer and foreman to the status of a landed proprietor with a job lot of bricks on hand and a few pounds in the bank to draw which they not unfrequently meet with considerable difficulties when they have to construct their signature on the necessary cheque.

Another matter deserving far greater attention than has been devoted to it, and which, besides, comes quite within the range of the sanitists, is the dissemination of germs of disease through the intermediary of the pawnbroker. Here there is absolutely no control. The sheets and blankets on which a person may just have died of the small-pox may be pledged for a few shillings, and placed next to the bundle of flannel petticoats belonging to Lady Vere de Vere. Not that Lady Vere de Vere pawned her petticoats, but Lady Vere de Vere's washerwoman may possibly have pledged her ladyship's things for a day or two. Washerwomen are very apt to do such things; and when their example is imitated by maid-servants, footmen, and valets, a noxious disease breaks out in a mansion, to think of which at all in connexion with the pawnbroker would be an insult to the owner. But it is amongst the poor that the pawnbroker makes the most havoc. There is not the least doubt but that the propagation of disease is carried on far more actively by one single pawnbroker in a poor district than by a dozen defective sewers and drains. To use the graphic language of the inferior classes, there is, indeed, death in the pop-shop. Recently, for instance, one of two sisters died of the small-pox, and the bedding on which she drew her last breath was carried to the pawnbroker's almost before the body was cold; and, worse than this, a case has just come to our knowledge which to a great measure explains the persistence of the recent outbreak of small-pox in the East of London. A nurse, appointed by the medical officer to take charge of a family suffering from the disease, was in the habit of pawning articles belonging to members of the household in order to procure drink. Both of these cases can be verified if necessary. Need more be said? Yet this might be easily prevented. According to Dr. Carpenter, heat is the best disinfectant, because it absolutely destroys the germs themselves, and not, like many chemical preparations, only the conditions requisite for their development. Hence he advocates the use of disinfecting chambers, or an apparatus such as those manufactured by Frazer Brothers, of Bromley and Bow, for the local authorities to purify such articles in that cannot be washed. Every pawnbroker should be required by law to have such chamber or apparatus, where all bedding and apparel might be subjected to a hot current of air at a temperature of not less than 225° Fahr., which would effectually destroy all contagion.

These are two instances in which prevention might be used at a very early period, and to carry out which the necessary machinery already exists. There are many other cases which admit of the same precautions, such as in the manufacture of cheap bedding, and cushions stuffed with "rugging"—old carpets torn up—so impure that respectable dealers will not have them in their stores for fear of their infesting other goods with vermin. The arrangements of the rag-dealers' stores should also receive much more of the attention of the inspectors of nuisances. Dr. Carpenter, however, confines himself chiefly to the question of drainage and the disposition of sewerage. His remarks on this head are so lucid and self-evident that it is paying no compliment to the age that they should be necessary at all. There will, of course, be an endless divergence of opinion as to the best way of disposing of the sewerage of great towns as long as it is hoped to derive a great commercial profit from it. But this, as Dr. Carpenter justly says, cannot be allowed to weigh against sanitary urgencies. If the public health is a desideratum and a necessity, the public must pay for it,

as it has to pay for good—or bad—water. Being an advocate for the destruction of contagion by heat or combustion it is rather surprising that Dr. Carpenter should not have suggested some system by which sewers might be ventilated, and their noxious products destroyed at one and the same time. For instance, there might be shafts leading at intervals from the main sewer into a tube running parallel with it and above it, and terminating in a furnace, where the gases and volatile contagion germs would be consumed. This system would draw all the gases away from the houses, insead of letting them into it, by their pressure to which Dr. Carpenter alludes as frequently overcoming the slight layer of water contained in the traps, which as frequently as not shut the gases off into the house as outside of it. Regarding the utilisation of the solid and liquid contents of the sewers, Dr. Carpenter of course advocates returning it to the earth, whence it at one time originated. For his opinion on this important subject, and regarding which there is so much senseless prejudice, we must refer to Dr. Carpenter's work itself. Regarding the financial results of the Sewage Farm at Beddington, he at once admits that though it may be so far unremunerative, there is no reason why it should not return a fair profit; but at the same time he says with great force that sewage farming is not primarily intended to produce a revenue, but to assist in keeping up the health of the town, and pay something towards the expenses which would otherwise be far greater.

WINSTOWE.

Winstowe. By Mrs. Leith Adams. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1877.

This story is a remarkable one in many ways. The authoress is full of generous indignation against the wrong-doing of the world, and she expresses it in vehement, and sometimes noble, language. Mrs. Adams is evidently steeped in the spirit of the century; but though she writes a novel in order conveniently to set forth her views on humanity in general, she does not neglect the more literary side of the business, but constructs a plot, and makes her characters act their parts so unconsciously that we forget the moral as we read, and only think of the story.

The plot is simple. William Snow, a good, almost a dreadfully good, young man, with a square brow, curly hair, blue eyes, and an open countenance, is adopted by a benevolent old gentleman, and loves the old gentleman's niece, Lilian Selwyn, but as nobody knows whose son he is, William virtuously determines not to address her otherwise than as a brother until he shall have made a name worthy to offer her. To make this name he becomes a member of the Inner Temple, and his success at the Bar is indicated sufficiently by the fact that, when he is twenty-five, he rejoices in possessing not only a clerk all to himself, but an "office-boy." In the meanwhile, Lilian becomes engaged to Guy Tremlett, a man with a beautiful dark face and an intense charm—a man whose life, we are told, "had been neither pure nor true; yet there was no wrong of which he was at any time guilty, but that wrong appeared, in the eyes of those who knew him, as more excusable in him than it would be in anyone else." Of course it is clear from the beginning that sooner or later Lilian must give up Guy, and learn to appreciate William; and therefore it is not unfair to the author to reveal that Guy dies of *delirium tremens* a few months before his marriage is to take place. Now we think Mrs. Adams is clever enough to have grappled with the difficulty of transferring Lilian's affections to William without killing Guy; but as it is, she shows much skill in keeping the reader in doubt up to the last as to the means by which the change is to be effected, for William never reveals that Guy's own evil courses brought about his death, and he remains enshrined in Lilian's memory for years afterwards, while poor William is in disgrace for having kept her away from the terrible deathbed.

Meanwhile, William has other things to think of, and, it may be presumed, to interest him. When we are told that, in the early days of his adoption by Mr. Earle (who, by the way, tips him with a golden guinea in the year 1846), William Snow's peculiar refinement of face and manner were often the subject of remark, while "all little vulgarities of speech, all roughness of manner, fell off with wonderful rapidity," we are prepared for the discovery that William is the descendant of a noble line. Mrs. Adams very wisely refrains from a minute statement of all the proofs by which his position is established, but she assures us that they were amply sufficient for the baronet, his grandfather, and for his friend, Pelham Pettigrew, Q.C. Mr. Pettigrew is one of the most elaborately drawn characters in the book, but he strikes us as unreal, in spite of his "get-up," so to speak, which is excellent. We have a perfectly clear idea of his appearance, and at times catch something of the inner man, but the picture has been touched and retouched too often, and the result is, as we have said, unreal. We implicitly believe the authoress's assertion that Mr. Pettigrew is a very great man, and perhaps it is only when his great mind is relaxing itself on purpose that he makes such conversation as this:—"De Hooghe is like the 'contented man' in Tupper's 'Proverbial What's-his-name' (awful proser, that man Tupper!), 'carries his sunshine with him.'" But, to say the truth, humour is not Mrs. Adams' strong point, though she possesses a sharpness of observation and power of neat expression which sometimes make a fair substitute for the greater gift.

One of the most remarkable points in this book is the extraordinary temerity, nay rashness, with which Mrs. Adams rushes into the description of scenes in which no female character is present. We have men's little dinners, journeys, interviews in lawyers' chambers by the dozen, all described with a pen so unfaltering, and in such bold detail, that we are sometimes taken in for a moment; but in spite of the real cleverness with which many of the situations are managed, we detect the treble voice, and feel the disagreeable sense of unreality which attends even the best actress's representations of male parts. Where it is essential to the progress of the story that one man should see another man on private business, or that any important event should take place between men alone, we can forgive an authoress for hiding herself, like the freemason's wife in the tall clock, and telling us what passed. Serious conversation, after all, need have no gender, but what we cannot excuse are uncalled-for descriptions of men's lighter talk when the absence of ladies is indicated by a plentiful sprinkling of "devilish good fellows," "damned infernal fools," and "by gad, sirs." This sort of writing neither enlightens women nor impresses men, and serves no purpose that we can see. We must find fault also with Mrs. Adams for introducing so much conversation in dialect as she thinks fit to do. The dialect is not good dialect, being a patchwork of cockney, midland, and Scotch, besides containing many words that are only spelt phonetically. What peculiarity of pronunciation, for instance, is indicated by "a nold glove"? The people who utter these mis-spelt words have only the slightest, if any, connexion with the story, and we get heartily tired of them long before they disappear, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Dutton, the woman under whose roof William is born, and who is rather a nice character. Mrs. Adams's own style is fresh and vigorous, though sometimes a little affected and pompous, but at any rate her English is quite good enough to stand on its own merits without the French words, with which it is ornamented much too profusely. It is not easy to fix on any telling paragraphs to quote, but the book abounds in shrewd remarks and eloquent passages, and contains many good pieces of description, Mrs. Adams possessing the first great requisite for a writer, of seeing distinctly what she means to describe.

In conclusion we will say that a well-written novel, with a clear plot, a compact *dramatis personæ*, and a good moral tone, even without the many less conspicuous merits of the book before us, is rare enough to

make us feel grateful to Mrs. Leith Adams for her work, and hope that she will soon—not too soon—produce a successor to 'Winstowe.'

MINOR NOTICES.

Hungarian Poems and Fables for English Readers. Selected and Translated by E. D. Butler. (Trübner and Co.)—Mr. E. D. Butler has already attained a considerable reputation as a scholar of Hungarian, that most difficult language, and the present little volume, very conscientiously prepared, will certainly enhance his fame. Mr. Butler promises fair to do for England what Dr. Steinacker has so admirably done for Germany—in placing us *en rapport* with the literary life of the Magyars. The poems before us have in most cases already passed through the most stringent criticism, that of the well-educated Hungarians themselves, who have had an opportunity of reading them in successive numbers of the influential journal which bears the euphonious title of *Összehasonlító irodalomtörtélmi Lapok.* That would be a very profane spirit that should venture to contest the authority which can boast a name so awe-inspiring. We ourselves would indulge in any circumlocution rather than name it again. The poems translated by Mr. Butler range from those of Vörösmarty, the great founder of modern Magyar poetry, the composer of the Hungarian national anthem "Szózat," to selections from writers now living, and still young. One of the most successful of Magyar lyrics, the "Hope and Memory" of Kölcsey, is here given, we must confess with a certain harshness that is probably due to the translator. A single unimportant piece represents the Callicles of Hungary, the inspired Petöfi, whose songs have never yet, so far as we know, been rendered into any language in such a way as to give a just impression of their stirring and magical charm in the original. In Arany Mr. Butler makes us acquainted with perhaps the most gifted Hungarian singer of the generation of Tennyson and Gautier. But the metrical translations in this volume appear to us to have far less intrinsic value than the very original and charming fables in prose with which the book closes. These are all the work of Fáy. This writer, Andrew Fáy or Fáj, was born in 1788, and died in 1864. He began by translating, as most of the Hungarian poets have done, enriching the poor soil of their literature with the wealth of Europe. At last, after a tentative publication in 1818, he brought out in 1820 a volume of 'Original Fables and Aphorisms,' which had a great run, and founded the reputation of the author. After this Fáy turned with indifferent success to the drama, but in 1828 he went back again to his true gift as a fabulist. Through the whole of his long career he busied himself with every species of literary occupation, but it is only by his fables that he is now remembered. They are terse and pointed in the highest degree. This is how Mr. Butler translates "The Fox and the Hare."

"Neighbour, I have recommended you to the lion as a courier," said the Fox, standing by the Hare's resting-place.

"I only wish you had not recommended me," sighed the latter, "for the lion will think that I have the same cunning disposition as yourself; whilst you, because you have laid me under an obligation, will think yourself entitled to devour my offspring."

One more fable of Fáy's, and we leave Mr. Butler to his readers. The political significance of this little allegory is very transparent:

A Stork was anxiously running to and fro, at the sight of a young sportsman.

"Gentle creature," said the Wild Duck, from out of her bed of rushes, "what have you to fear; neither is your flesh good for food, nor are your feathers of any use; therefore do not disturb yourself; the sportsman's devices are more likely to be directed against me."

"Not so, my friend," replies the Stork; "the sportsman, I see, is young, and may perhaps take it into his head to try his gun upon me. Believe me, the most peaceable disposition is no protection against malice and predetermined mischief."

Our Trip to Blunderland. By Jean Jambon. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—The illustrations to this book are clever, but there is not much to be said in praise of the story itself. It is but a colourless and feeble imitation of 'Alice in Wonderland.' The author actually introduces Alice into a few pages of the story, and apologises for so doing in a prefatory fly-leaf—an apology that was quite needless, unless the author was also prepared to apologise for the existence at all of a story the audacity of whose imitation is only surpassed by its ill-success. We should be glad to think that this was the last of the many plagiaries to which Lewis Carroll's delightful books have given rise. Mr. Charles Doyle's illustrations are executed in a manner worthy of the name the artist bears; but it is to be regretted that skill should have been wasted upon the present volume.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The article of most general interest in *Mind*, which seems to increase rather than fall off in importance for students of philosophy, is the conclusion of Professor Bain's investigation into the facts of the life of James Mill. It was well that obscure facts in Mill's life should be cleared up, but the results do not bear a fair proportion to the labour spent in getting at them, in interrogating Mill's few surviving acquaintances, and following clues through files of newspapers and magazines. The chief reward for Professor Bain's labour of love is the light thrown on Mill's personal character, which, with all its sternness and uprightness, had much less hardness than the opponents of his philosophy are wont to believe. Professor Bain thoroughly disperses the charge of want of feeling and ingratitude which has been brought against Mill, and shows that, though the reverse of an effusive man, Mill was by no means ungenial, and acted in every relation of life with a most honourable sense of duty. One of the most important of Professor Bain's new facts is the attitude of Mill towards religion in the education of his family. The following paragraph will be a surprise to most people, and goes against the prevailing impression that Mill's children were not allowed to know that there was such a thing as Religion till they were grown up.

For some time after his marriage, Mill himself went to church; and the children were all baptised there. The minister that baptised the eldest was Dr. Grant, probably rector of the parish, who used to dine at the house, and meet General Miranda. John as a little boy went to church; his maiden aunt remembered taking him, and hearing him say in his enthusiastic way that "that the two greatest books were Homer and the Bible." As regards father and son, the church-going did not last; but the other members of the family continued the practice.

In his researches into the life of Mill, Professor Bain has fallen upon an opportunity of doing justice to a sectarian leader, whose services have not previously received their due deserts—William Allen, the Quaker.

In the 'Life of Macaulay,' Mr. Trevelyan adverts to the great services rendered to this country and to mankind by the Clapham brotherhood, which comprised Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, Babington, Thornton, and others. He remarks, that in their mode of carrying out their anti-slavery and other philanthropic enterprises, "they can be regarded as nothing short of the pioneers and fuglemen of that system of popular agitation which forms a leading feature in our external history during the past half-century. The services of these men are, indeed, great and undeniable. But justice demands an equal reference to another sect, and another set of names, who were in active co-operation with the Claphamites, and not inferior to them in self-sacrificing zeal—I mean the Society of Friends, whose foremost representative for a long time was William Allen, the chemist of Plough Court. Rivalling Wilberforce in the intensity of his subjective piety, he was inferior to none in energy and devotion to every good work; and, besides being a philanthropist, he was very considerable as a man of science. Allen became acquainted with Mill, not later than 1810, and secured his active co-operation in a literary enterprise, a quarterly journal called the *Philanthropist*, published for seven years at Allen's own risk. He also secured the advice and support of Mill in public gatherings for agitating his various schemes; and, in fact, Mill was one of the philanthropic band of the time, and knew many of them intimately, and, among others, Zachary Macaulay. Allen was worthy of a biography; but the three volumes devoted to him, although bodying forth his piety, his energy, and his science, by the help of diaries and letters, are exceedingly out of proportion to the facts of his life. The *Philanthropist* was projected in the summer of 1810, and one page and a quarter are devoted to it. Again, in 1812, while it was going on, it receives mention in less than three lines; and in all the three volumes, I have not discovered another reference. Mill is mentioned only twice; once he and

Ricardo accompany Allen (May 1811) to a meeting at the Freemason's Tavern, for a subscription to Lancaster; and, again (November 1813) he and Fox are taken to a Finance Committee on the Lancasterian School business. Now, although the *Philanthropist* was only an instrument of propagandism for the numerous schemes that Allen worked at, it occupied a very large share of his attention for seven years; and while he had many contributors, Mill and himself were the mainstay of the work: they were in constant communication, and many of his letters to Mill are preserved. The deep-seated divergence of their opinions on religion never interfered with their mutual esteem. Robert Owen's infidelity was a grief to Allen, and he made some vain attempts to combat it; but Mill's views were never obtruded in an unsuitable place. Different was the impression he made on Wilberforce, who, according to Sir James Stephen, was the most charitable of judges.

The *British Quarterly* is rich in biographical articles, not particularily brilliant, but sound wholesome reading. King René of Anjou, Jules Michelet, George Buchanan, Thomas de Quincey, are the subjects. The last is the most imperfect, chiefly for the reason that the writer has no sympathy with De Quincey. He avows a preference for Swift's "Modest Proposal" for dealing with the surplus of children in Ireland over De Quincey's "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts," which means that he enters into the humour of the one and not into the humour of the other. The two are written in very different keys, and to praise the one to the disparagement of the other is simply to show for which kind of humour the writer has a personal bias. It is not criticism, but self revelation. There is no reason why enjoyment of the one vein should prevent people from enjoying the other. The essay on Buchanan is distinguished by broad common sense. That on "poor King René, whose large style agreed not with the leanness of his purse," is the most interesting of the four. There is also an instructive article in the *British Quarterly* on the Sects of the Commonwealth.

The article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Prince Hardenberg's Memoirs might have been read with more pleasure as well as profit if, instead of giving a condensed history of Europe for the period covered by Hardenberg's career, as indigestible a meal as a few pounds of Liebig's Extract, he had picked out and placed in clear relief those passages on which the Memoirs throw new light. How dull a composition this is compared with Professor Seeley's account of the same book in *Macmillan's*! The *Edinburgh Review* is sadly in want of a little literary talent. The article on Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels is pleasant enough reading for a rainy day in the country, and perhaps the Quarterlies, like lighter magazines, must keep in view that they may become a resource in such hours of trouble. But it has nothing new to say about Mr. Trollope; it is simply thirty-four pages of gossip about his personages, whom the writer passes genially in review, with remarks as to which he likes and which he does not like. There is nothing to say against this sort of review in its proper place; people are often driven to beguile dull hours by comparing notes about fictitious personages, when they are not sufficiently intimate for more piquant scandal, and, in the absence of a living companion, the printed page may answer the purpose sufficiently well. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* is a very sensible person, with whom one may, in the absence of more exciting occupations, compare notes without being bored. But surely something more is expected from critical notices in a Quarterly than the mere amusement of the idle hour. What name but padding can be applied to such commonplaces as the following?

He seeks his unfailing sources of interest in his vivid pictures of English life, with their fresh yet realistic local colouring. As we have said already, he has stuck to the sound principle of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He has never sent his ambition fluttering after the conception of strange and erratic genius, nor has he stooped to inventing deformities of moral perversity. We meet every day of our lives with men and women like his, only he lets us see them as they seem to themselves; tears off such flimsy masks as are worn by everybody, and interests us by an insight into those family secrets that few people care to publish if they can help it. He shows us how very little need go to an entertaining story, and that the experiences of the most apparently commonplace individuals may make excellent material for the clever novelist. A very ordinary love-affair, whose shallow flow is merely obstructed by the most trifling everyday obstacles, may be more exciting, because far more real than a grand and guilty passion with intrigue, daggers, and death. In the one case we are invited to look on at a drama that rises to regions purely imaginary and altogether beyond the range of our personal experience. In the other the reader, with no conscious effort, can slip into the place of hero or heroine. This is the secret of the lasting charm of Miss Austen's novels. She was the greatest mistress of the art of domestic fiction who has appeared in English literature. We know all her personages. We have lived with them. Yet we return continually with fresh pleasure to their society.

A writer in the *New Quarterly* gives an interesting account of Sir John Sinclair, an ancestor of Sir J. Tollemache Sinclair, which Mr. Galton might perhaps find valuable in his study of the transmission of hereditary qualities. Sir John Sinclair had the reputation of being "the most indefatigable man in Europe," and he did much to justify this high encomium. The north of Scotland may be said to owe to him its system of agriculture, its fine breeds of sheep and cattle, its vast plantations of fir, in the sense that he took a foremost part in introducing these benefits to its thin soil. And his restless energy made him a benefactor not to the north of Scotland alone, for wherever he went he had a keen eye and a practical brain for the improvement of natural advantages, and scattered useful suggestions wherever he went. As a pamphlet-writer, Sir John Sinclair was more prolific even than Defoe, his separate *brochures* reaching the appalling number of 367, and most of them seem to have been written with some practical aim. Mr. Evershed gives a sufficient chronicle of the worthy baronet's numerous achievements, and some amusing instances of his simple unashamed conceit, a foible often found in men of his prodigious energy. After reading this paper, one begins to understand why the present holder of the baronetcy was so fierce in his invective against the management of affairs, and the neglect of willing merit in the House of Commons. The *New Quarterly* contains also an interesting account of Leopardi by Miss Helen Zimmern.

The most prominent feature of the October *Quarterly* is a slashing attack on Modern Philosophers. It is much less easy to write slashing articles now than when the *Quarterly* made its reputation by that sort of thing. The *Quarterly* reviewer of old was not omniscient, but he believed that he was; he had all the dash of absolute confidence in himself, and flourished his tomahawk and scalping knife with a vigour which can still be admired even where we see that he was absurdly ignorant of his subject. But the savage and tartarly reviewer of modern times, when he does not know his subject, finds it more difficult to have faith in himself, and betrays an uneasy consciousness of inferiority which is fatal to the spirit of uncompromising assault. No reviewer of the good old sort would, for example, have permitted himself to confess that "anything is better than being patronised by the Harrisons." And he would have given some literary variety and amplification to such thin abuse as the following:—"We believe that Professor Clifford is a young man, and we trust that when he grows older he will learn the manners of good society, and acquire somewhat more of the temper of a philosopher. It is the character of a gentleman to respect the feelings of others, and of a philosopher to tolerate opinions different from his own." This is the old-fashioned idea of an extinguisher, but it is not up to the old-fashioned form; the *Quarterly* slasher of bygone days would not have pleaded in this way to have his opinions tolerated and his feelings respected, though he would have been equally bitter against opinions which he did not tolerate, and feelings with which he could not sympathise. The thesis of the present writer is to prove that the author of the 'New Republic' does not misrepresent modern philosophers in the person of Mr. Saunders. He does not seem to have read this clever book very carefully, or he would have seen that the misrepresentation does not consist in the religious opinions attributed to Mr. Saunders, but in the manner in which they are obtruded, and in other opinions which are associated with them. Modern philosophers, as depicted by the author of the 'New Republic,' have red hair and thin, hard voices, and pro-

pose to substitute statistical calculation and selfish animal comfort for the precepts and consolations of religion. We did not require extracts from the *Nineteenth Century* to prove that Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor Clifford are not orthodox, and the reviewer fails to show that his author does not grossly misrepresent their proposed substitutes for the orthodox faith.

The article in the *Quarterly* on Carriages, Roads, and Coaches, is evidently the work of an expert. There is material for a large book in the article. Regarding the construction of carriages more particularly, the writer goes into the minutest details, leaving nothing undiscussed, from the shape and material of wheels to the comparative merits of different varnishes. On the subject of roads, also, he is very learned, although in his elaborate discussion of pavements he is hardly just to asphalte. He admits the objections to wood pavements, and frankly quotes from the official reports of New York the confession that "a wooden pavement in that city had proved a total failure." But he gives the preference to wood on the whole over asphalte and granite on the ground that fewer falls take place on wood than on either of the other two. He ought to have given greater weight to the experience of Paris in the matter of asphalte, which goes to show that, when asphalte is kept clean, it is as safe a pavement for horses as wood. He will find an instructive statement from the Parisian authorities in a valuable paper drawn up by the Society of Arts, which we see he does not include in his list of documents at the beginning of the article. It is there stated that when asphalte pavement was introduced into Paris, there were numerous complaints from drivers as to its slipperiness, just as there are at present in London, and that many owners of carriages steadily avoided the streets so paved. But horses and men are getting used to the asphalte pavement. Care is taken to keep it clean; sand and horsecloths are kept handy to help the horses in rising if they should fall; accidents are much more rare, and complaints are gradually dying out.

The *Westminster Review* contains a very well-written article on "Hindu Society and English Rule," written well, and at the same time with an intimate personal knowledge of the subject. With some of the writer's views we do not agree, notably with his savage onslaught on Mr. Wheeler's history, but his article is an instructive one. He proposes to continue the subject in a future number of the *Westminster*, when we shall have his whole case before us. One of the most valuable parts of the present paper is his account of the various materials ready to the hand of those who wish to study India and its inhabitants without knowing the language.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"ENGAGED."

Mr. Gilbert has entered into competition with Mr. Lewis Carroll; the author of the 'Bab Ballads has broken a lance with the author of 'Alice in Wonderland.' *Engaged* has been called a Bab Ballad put on the stage, but this definition scarcely suffices to give an idea of its elaborate absurdity. In *Engaged* everyone acts as no human being would ever act; the play is mad burlesque in the form of a society drama, and presents a rapid succession of coherent idiocy and incongruous events in a manner that leaves one at first a little puzzled whether to be amused or angry, but which resembles nothing else in literature so nearly as Lewis Carroll's eccentricities. As *Engaged* is by Mr. Gilbert, it is sure to be clever; it is equally sure to leave upon the spectator's mind an uneasy impression that Mr. Gilbert has intended to satirise something or somebody unknown. In the present case, the satire seems to be directed as much against the author himself as against anything else, for we seem to catch even more recollections of his other plays than is usual with Mr. Gilbert, and many passages seem to be intentional parodies upon scenes and situations in his other dramatic works. It is not quite true to say that *Engaged* is excellent fooling when all's done. It is excellent fooling at the beginning, when the bewilderment of the first surprise at hearing a heroine conclude an impassioned declaration of love by asking the state of her lover's finances is over; but we get tired of the systematic repetition of this sort of incongruity, and the play drags a little towards the close. When the fact is once fairly established that everyone will do what, under ordinary circumstances, they would be least likely to do, when the nature of the fun is understood, and no new fantasy can possibly surprise, it must be confessed the jest begins to pall a little. Some condensation, some curtailment, would not be unwelcome, and *Engaged* would be both better and brighter for it. Still, it is amusing, and it is very well acted, the tragic gravity, without which the *raison d'être* of the play would cease to exist, being admirably sustained by Mr. Honey, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Harold Kyrle, and Miss Lucy Buckstone. It would perhaps have been better if Mr. Honey had not made such a determined effort to act his part exactly as Mr. John S. Clarke would have done it. He is always amusing enough, without following any lead. Miss Marion Terry gives full effect to the inconsistencies of Mr. Gilbert's rhapsodical heroine, by never betraying for an instant any consciousness of their absurdity; and Miss Lucy Buckstone is equally earnest as the mercenary daughter. Mr. Harold Kyrle also enters thoroughly into the spirit of the dramatist, and declaims with admirable dramatic vigour and impassioned energy.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—"LA MARJOLAINE."

Mr. Sutherland Edwards' adaptation from Lecocq has already aroused a controversy as to the morality of *La Marjolaine* in its English form. One can only say that while the English public are determined to have English versions of all the popular French plays, they could not find a translator better fitted than Mr. Sutherland Edwards to at once preserve the liveliness of the original, and render it as little distasteful as possible to English feelings. We cannot expect Offenbach, Hervé, or Lecocq to write a *Miracle de Nostre-Dame*, and too great squeamishness should be tempered by a lively recollection of Dr. Johnson's famous *mot*. *La Marjolaine* is well acted, well put on the stage, well written; it presents a pleasing succession of pretty songs, pretty music, pretty faces, pretty scenes, and pretty dresses; above all, it is not too long, and its humour never flags nor drags. Miss Kate Santley is very pleasing as the heroine, singing and acting well; and Lionel Brough acts as humorously as ever, while his power of suddenly introducing a genuinely pathetic touch into the midst of the wildest buffoonery as usual lifts his acting far above the level of mere *opéra bouffe*, and invests it with an artistic dignity—the term is not too strong—peculiarly its own.

GAIETY THEATRE.

Mr. Terry and Mr. Royce have worked up Mr. Burnand's *Musical Box*, an adaptation from the French, but thoroughly coloured by the adapter's peculiar humour, into a most amusing farce. When we say worked up, we do not mean that they have "gagged" the dialogue, for that remains very much the same as on the first night, but they have illustrated and supplemented the words with an exuberance of farcical gesture which makes the piece irresistibly laughable. Mr. Byron's new burlesque of *Faust and Marguerite* does not keep the house in so continuous a roar, but it also is a very enjoyable performance. Miss Kate Vaughan is the Marguerite, and the most ardent worshipper of Goethe may watch her graceful movements without feeling that his ideal has been injured by the travesty. Miss Farren acts the transformed Faust, Mr. Terry Mephistopheles, Mr. Royce Valentine, all with the most unsparing comic energy.

VARIORUM NOTES.

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Mr. Madox-Brown has just finished a picture which will rank among his master-pieces, "Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois," Cromwell dictating the despatch to the King of France, in which he protested against the cruelty of the Duke of Savoy to the Vaudois Protestants. Cromwell is seated on a table on the right of the picture, having just entered from reviewing his troops, with a scrap of paper in his left hand on which he has jotted down what he wants to have said, and is all eagerness and fiery impatience to have it at once put into the diplomatic Latin form by his secretary, John Milton. The blind poet and secretary sits opposite, searching in his mind for a phrase, while he waves his left hand to his assistant and amanuensis, Andrew Marvell, begging him to pause a moment till he has thought out something suited to his fastidious taste. Nothing could be more deeply characteristic than the expression of the three figures—Cromwell, powerful and impetuous; Milton, slight, elegant, for the moment thinking only of his Latinity; Marvell looking up with the irresponsible air of a transcriber, yet all visibly pervaded by a common interest. There is vivid history as well as fine composition in this picture; it shows the painter coming appreciably to the aid of the historian.

It is said that Bishop Moriarty is to be succeeded at Kerry by Monsignor Capel. This is a promotion, we suppose, in point of dignity, but one would have thought that the reverend gentleman had a more congenial field of labour in London, unless he is to be a frequent absentee from his "bishopric."

One of last year's issues of the Chaucer Society's publications presents a remarkable instance of the justifiable pride of a great man. The publication in question contains in the front a portrait of Geoffrey Chaucer, and at the back it contains a photograph of Chaucer's great expounder, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, together with the great man's autograph, and the date of his all-important birth. Unkindly persons might see in this juxtaposition of the two a resemblance to Leech's clever sketch of Shakespeare and Colley Cibber, but we only discern in it a proper consciousness of one's own intrinsic merit.

"Daily Traveller" writes to the *Times* regarding a collision, last Thursday on the Great Eastern Railway, near Stratford, and asserts that the accident was due to the Great Eastern Railway's not adopting the block system. "Daily Traveller" is quite in error on this point. There is no railway in the United Kingdom on which the block system is so thoroughly carried out as on the Great Eastern. There is a block every half hour, varying in duration from ten to forty minutes at some part of the line or other. What more does "Daily Traveller" want?

A commission was engaged last Monday to examine into the working of some of the Hungarian lines, and the pointsmen and watchmen severely examined as to their duties. A special train was placed at the service of the commissioners, and the general working of the signals, &c., tested. On arriving at one signal-box, the train pulled up. The signalman was addressed by the chief inspector, and asked what he should do to stop the train. "But, Mr. Inspector," was the astonished reply, "surely the train is at a stop now!" "Yes," said the inspector persuasively, "but imagine it was not at a standstill, what would you do?" "But, Mr. Chief Inspector, how can I possibly imagine that a train which is standing still is not standing still? Mr. Chief Inspector," added the signalman in an injured tone, "I am not a *poet!*" We now know what a poet is—a person who imagines impossibilities.

A correspondent suggests that Cleopatra's Needle, which seems to be still afloat, might have addressed the *Olga* in the words of Shakespeare's Antony, addressed to Cleopatra herself:—

> Thou knew'st too well
> My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
> And thou should'st tow me after.

He adds that the *Olga* might well reply also in Antony's words:—

> O whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
> How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
> By looking back on what I have left behind,
> 'Stroy'd in dishonour."

Only forty-two obelisks are known to exist. At Karnak four are standing, and two prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Saan. One stands at Philæ. Twelve are at Rome—the largest one of them being at the Church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris, Arles, Constantinople, one each. In this country there are four—two at the British Museum, one at Alnwick Castle, and the fourth at Kingston-Lacy, Dorsetshire, brought over by Mr. Wm. Bankes, a friend of Lord Byron. The obelisk now on its way to England was the companion of the one still standing at Alexandria, to which it had been transported from On. Though named after Cleopatra, its erection, at the Temple of Cæsar, did not take place until the eighth year of the reign of Augustus, and several years after the death of the Queen. Abdul Lateef says that the obelisk stood in his time—twelfth century.

The death of M. Theodore Barrière, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, removes a prominent figure from the ranks of Parisian dramatists, and from the stalls of the first nights. M. Barrière was a clever writer and a famous *collaborateur*, though, according to M. Arnold Mortier, those who wrote pieces with him said that there could not be a more tyrannical or disagreeable fellow-worker—a reputation that Barrière did not deny. His *collaborateurs* were Adolphe Jaime, Edouard Plouvier, Jaime fils, Taillade, Lambert-Thiboust, Crisafulli, Adrien Decourcelle, Michael Carré, Victor Séjour, Capendu, Léon Beauvallet, Sardou, Henri de Kock, Jules Barbier, A. de Beauplan, Marc Fournier, Auguste Supersac, Perrot, Jules Lorin (with whom he wrote his witty *Le Piano de Berthe*, which won the ready praise of Théophile Gautier), Henri Murger (with whom he wrote the clever dramatic version of *La Vie de Bohème*, familiar at the Odéon), Clairville, Anicet-Bourgeois, Dumanoir, Grangé, Labiche, Maurice, Saint-Agué, Poujol, Antoine Fauchery, and Mme. de Prébois. In company with these, and by himself, it was calculated, some little time ago, that he had written more than 244 acts. Arnold Mortier thus describes Barrière at a *première* of one of his own pieces:—"Although Barrière is one of the most nervous authors in Paris, he is also one of those who least hide themselves at their first nights. Perhaps it is mechanically, without intending it, that he walks thus from box office to orchestra, clasping the hand of everyone, his moustache bristling, his lips contracted by a smile too lasting to be joyous. To behold him thus one would think one had to deal with some retired officer, for Barrière has military manners, which, however, are explained by his connexion with the Ministry for War, in the quality of a map engraver. Yes, this restless, biting, scratching, terrible writer has engraved maps."

The Irish journals report a melancholy casualty in Dublin Bay, when, by the upsetting of a boat, the son of the Irish Master of the Rolls and the daughter of a distinguished Irish Queen's Counsel, were drowned. The Irish Master of the Rolls, Mr. Sullivan, has many friends in London who will sympathise with him in his loss. Mr. Sullivan's brilliant career in the House of Commons is well remembered here. He was Irish Attorney-General under Mr. Gladstone's administration, and his services were invaluable to Mr. Gladstone in preparing and passing the Irish Land Act. Mr. Sullivan is a brother-in-law of the late John Francis Maguire, for many years a member of the House of Commons.

A correspondent writes to us, *à propos* of Victor Hugo's vigorous denunciation of De Morny, to say that, however defective his public character may have been, nobody could have had in private life more attached friends. Long after his death, many men as strongly opposed to his political conduct as anyone could be could hardly speak of him as a private friend without tears coming into their eyes. Like the Emperor Napoleon, he was a true friend to his friends.

The Duc de Mouchy, who has just missed his election in France, is the husband of the only princess who was ever born in the United States, Princess Anna Murat, the granddaughter

of the *beau sabreur*. Her father was, during the early part of his life, a resident in America.

The capture of seven Pashas, all at once, by the Russian force in Armenia could hardly be better described than by the title of M. Turgenief's famous novel, 'Une Nichée des Gentilshommes.'

Berthold Auerbach's new novel, 'Landolin von Reutershofen,' has begun to appear in the *feuilleton* of several continental papers. To judge from the first instalment, it will be a repetition of his usual plots—a peasant girl discontented with her lot after marriage, purse-proud fathers, gentle mothers, trusting husbands, and much groundless grief and ado about nothing—something like 'He Knew He was Right,' beaten out like Dutch gold to cover acres of platitudes.

They have a peculiar way of ordering things in Vienna. Baron Sergius Tatischeff, the former *attaché* of the Russian Embassy in Vienna, is reminded in the Official Gazette that he owes a certain jeweller 500 florins, and the well-known bookseller, Gerold, 216 florins 81 kreuzers. Baron Tatischeff had to leave Vienna very suddenly to join his regiment on the seat of war, where he has already so distinguished himself that the Cross of St. George has been conferred upon him. If Messrs. Gerold like to regard this as an advertisement, they are welcome to it.

Professor Vámbéry has been writing a series of articles in the *Pesther Lloyd* on a very occult subject—"The Capacity of the Turks for Reform." The conclusion he arrives at in his fifth article is that there is a wide gulf between Asiaticism and Europeanism, and that the contentions of European Powers on the shores of the Bosphorus and the banks of the Danube have chiefly prevented this gulf from having been bridged over. In short, that Europe, and especially Russia, are the real authors of all the trouble in Turkey. Speaking of the Bulgarians and Bosnians, he says they have not the slightest desire to exchange Turkish rule for any other—not even for independence, as they would be too weak to protect themselves. All they wish for is good government. This makes the case of the unhappy Bulgarians more hopeless than ever; for if he is correct in his estimate, it is not the capacity of the Turks for reform which is the desideratum, but the reform of the European Powers, not especially of Russia, but rather of one whose present Ministry seem quite as incapable of reform as their colleagues on the Bosphorus.

Last Thursday Professor Vámbéry delivered a lecture at the English Club in Pesth, on the same subject—the capacity of the Turks for cultural development—before a very select audience. Amongst those present were Count Apponyi, Franz Pulsky, Herr Helfy, and the British Consul, Mr. Harry Gastrell, who all wore rosettes with the Hungarian-Turkish and English colours. The lecturer was enthusiastically applauded, and at the banquet which followed, Franz Pulsky, speaking in English, first proposed the health of the King and Queen, and then that of Professor Vámbéry, "who had brought light from the east to the west." Several "Hipp hipp-hurrahs" followed these toasts. Professor Vámbéry then humorously compared himself with Peter of Amiens, who, like himself, was lame, and a great Eastern traveller, but with the difference that he, the speaker, combated the crusade against the Turks. He then proposed the health of Franz Pulsky, the "Godfrey de Bouillon of the anti-crusade." Pulsky then toasted Mr. Gastrell as a "real Englishman and raree-show of the Club." Helfy drank to the Turkish army, whereupon Vámbéry, observing that it was a "mistake" to drink to the Turkish health with the forbidden beverage, proposed a toast to the "only real European ally of the Turks, to England and her army." Mr. Gastrell having expressed his thanks with a few appropriate words, the banquet relapsed into the social stage, in which it continued till midnight.

An American publishing house has just published a translation of Théophile Gautier's 'Spirite,' which it describes as "an exquisitely beautiful imaginative story. The style is fascinating, the incidents unusual, and the heroine a creation long to be remembered with delight." A knowledge of Théophile Gautier is by no means necessary to the happiness of the American public; but if they are anxious to read him, it is a pity that they should begin with 'Spirite,' certainly one of the poorest of his works, very little characteristic of its author, and possessed of a feeble Swedenborgian, spiritualistic sentiment.

A battle is being waged between the ladies of Alsatia and the Berlin postal authorities, in which we are sorry to say that the ladies have been worsted. In order to show their patriotic hatred of the Teuton, and love of *la belle France*, they write the addresses on their letters to Germany with blue ink, which, with the red postage-stamp and the white paper, forms the tricolor they defy their enemies with. Letters to France, which require a blue stamp, are furnished with the address written with red ink, whereby they inform their French friends of their unalterable sentiments in cruel exile. But the German post-office official, true to his popular—or, rather unpopular *soubriquet* of *Kameel*, "Camel"—at last refuses to see any humour in this practice, and, with his blackest ink, effectually effaces the colour of the stamp.

A medal, struck by Pope Clement XIV., in commemoration of the expulsion of the Jesuits, has just been discovered in a private collection. On one side there is the bust of the Pope, with his right hand raised and two fingers extended; over it the inscription Clemens XIV. Pontif. max. On the other side there is a figure of Christ with his hand raised, and behind him St. Peter with the keys and another apostle. Before them lie three Jesuits, looking back maliciously. Above the group, the legend *Nunquam novi vos; discedite a me omnes;* and below it, the words, Expul. Soc. Jesu memor. MDCCLXXIII. Ps. cxviii. 23. Which was the infallible one of the two—Clement XIV. or Pius IX.?

"Retrograde concentration," since the Franco-German War, has become a recognised military term. Retrograde praise is the latest development of the system. During the manœuvres in Kaschau, the Emperor of Austria expressed to the general his great satisfaction at the state of the troops and the precision of their movements. The general sent for the colonel, and told him that the Emperor had expressed great satisfaction, although some of the columns had exhibited considerable looseness of formation. The colonel departed, much annoyed, and sent for his captains, and said that His Majesty had observed with displeasure that not only had the columns exhibited great looseness of formation, but that the companies presented a negligent appearance. The captains departed from the presence of their colonel in no amiable frame of mind, and each one sent for his sergeants. "You asses! Have I not always said that you would disgrace me? If you don't bring the men into proper trim till they go like a machine, I'll knock your —— skulls in!" Scarcely had the captain left the room, when the sergeant turned upon the corporal, and, giving him a sounding box on the ear, sent him off to give the men six days' extra drill. *Si non è vero è ben trovato*—in the *Fliegende Blätter*.

A Buda-Pesth solicitor has just left 30,000 florins, the interest of which is to be awarded to the ballet-girls of the National Theatre as a dowry every time one of them marries. At the same time he has inserted a proviso to the effect that the money is not to be invested in any undertaking that returns more than 7½ per cent.; as, otherwise, the National Theatre would soon be left without a single ballet-girl.

Two prizes, one of 2,000 marks and one of 1,500 marks, have been offered for the best and second-best model of a statue of Liebig, to be erected on the Maximilian's Platz in Munich. The height of the model, imagined erect, is to be 40 centimétres. Artists of all nations are asked to compete, and to send in their works between June 1 and June 15, 1878, to the Castellan of the Academy of Arts, 38, Unter den Linden, Berlin. The expenses of transport both ways will be borne by the commission.

A hotel in Rome which rather seems to pride itself upon its knowledge of English, puts up in each room a washing-list in that tongue in which it includes gentlemen's necklaces, garnished silk shirts, and ladies' wimples.

The manufacturers Schönfeld, of Herford, have inserted a tablet over the gateway of their new factory, on which is sculptured a highly suggestive inscription. It runs:

In Memoriam aeternam.
Videant Consules ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica.

Burned down, March 5, 1876. Permission to build up the factory again requested from the local authorities, June 19, 1876. Permission accorded, November 17, 1876, after a loss of five months. *Suum cuique.*

An International Railway Conference was held last week at Coblence by the representatives of the French, Belgian, Russian, North German, and Rhenish State Railways, at which it was decided to issue no more return tickets. The fares for single journeys are, however, to be much reduced, and special tickets issued for children under twelve.

A new opera, *Armin*, by H. Hofmann, the libretto by Fraülein Dahn, was well received last Saturday at Dresden. The French papers, speaking of the work, insist upon calling it *Arnim*!

The prices charged by M. Brofft, the landlord of the Hôtel Brofft, who had charge of the canteen at the Russian head-quarters, became so extortionate that notice was given to him to leave within twenty-four hours. Certainly 16 francs for a bottle of *vin ordinaire* does look very much like extortion, considering that price was charged in the very midst of some of the richest vineyards in Europe. Most of the Russian contracts are now concluded with Germans.

Mr. Alexander Anderson's forthcoming volume of poems will be entitled 'Songs of the Rail,' and contains many new pieces besides a selection of those published in his two former books, such as "The Brown Giant," "Nottman," "Jim Dally," &c. It is expected to appear by the end of the month.

The historical painter Malankievicz, a pupil of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche, has just died in Paris.

Hackländer's posthumous work 'The Romance of my Life,' is being prepared for publication by Arnold Wellmer.

The Odéon opens this evening with *Mauprat*, the successful performances of which were interrupted by the closing of the theatre for alterations. The only change in the caste is the substitution of Mme. Hélène Petit for Mlle. Antonine in the part of Edmée. Although the play has already been acted more than fifty times, this reopening will be considered as a first night. The first night is an important event in Paris, and by no means easy for the outside world to get to.

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H. K. LEWIS, 136 Gower Street, London.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

OF THE

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE DIRECTORS have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the Twenty-ninth Financial Year of the Society ending 30th June, 1877.

During the year 5,569 Proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,271,350 15*s.* 10*d.* Of these Proposals 4,603 were accepted for the assurance of £1,852,592 9*s.* 8*d.*, and Policies were issued for that amount. The immediate Annuities granted during the year were for £6,823 1*s.* 1*d.*

The income derived from Premiums, after deducting therefrom the amount paid for Re-assurance, was £406,716 13*s.* 3*d.*, including £58,409 10*s.* 7*d.* in Premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the Interest Account amounted to £100,139 4*s.* 5*d.*, which, together with the Receipts from Premiums, raised the income of the Society to £508,855 17*s.* 8*d.* for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the Assets.

The Claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance Policies, were for an amount of £195,034 2*s.*, of which sum £1,844 13*s.* 4*d.* was reassured, whilst the Claims under Policies for Endowments, which had reached their term, amounted to £94,073 8*s.* 10*d.* The sum of £35,791 6*s.* 3*d.* was also paid for the surrender of Policies.

After providing for these amounts—for the Annuities falling due within the year—for all necessary office expenses, and every other charge on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £93,223 9*s.* 9*d.*, which augments the fund available for the existing Policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the Financial Year to £2,329,256 17*s.* 9*d.*, and, together with the amount of £67,528 8*s.* 11*d.*, reserved for the settlement of Claims outstanding, for the payment of Annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance-Sheet, make up a total of £2,396,785 6*s.* 8*d.* in realised Assets, as shown in the Second Schedule.

The £80,000 declared by the Meeting last year as divisible surplus has been duly allotted among the Shareholders and Policyholders of the Society.

The Accounts have been duly audited by Mr. G. H. LADBURY, the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, Mr. W. W. VENN (a Policyholder), on behalf of the Policyholders. The whole of the Securities and Documents representing the Realised Assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the investments of the Society, and they have much pleasure in reporting that the funds, as now invested, yield an average rate of Five per Cent. interest.

The Society's New Offices in the Poultry are progressing satisfactorily, notwithstanding the prolonged strike amongst the masons.

The Directors have to announce, with the expression of their profound grief, the death of their colleague, Mr. ALFRED SMEE. The Society was indebted to him for the thoughtfulness and skill he brought to bear on its formation. For twenty-eight years he took an active part, both in the administration of its affairs, and in the performance of his duties as the Society's Chief Medical Officer. His labours for the Society were unremitting, and in his death the Society has sustained a great loss.

Acting under the powers conferred upon them by the Deed of Settlement, the Board of Directors have elected Mr. WILLIAM THORNTHWAITE, a duly qualified Shareholder, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. SMEE, until the ensuing Ordinary General Meeting. The Directors recommend this appointment for confirmation by the Shareholders.

The Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. W. TREGO, A. H. SMEE, and RICHARD CRAWLEY, who, being eligible, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

Mr. LADBURY and Mr. VENN retire as Auditors, but being elegible they offer themselves again for election, the former on behalf of the Shareholders, and the latter on behalf of the Policyholders.

The Directors congratulate the Members on the prosperous condition of the Society.

By Order of the Board,

October 11, 1877. F. ALLAN CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

FIRST SCHEDULE.—Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," for the Year ending 30th June, 1877.

Amount of Funds at the beginning of the year						£2,236,033	8	0
Premiums—First year ..	£58,409	10	7					
Renewals ..	351,897	12	10					
				£410,307	3	5		
Less Re-Assurance Premiums ..				3,590	10	2		
						406,716	13	3
Consideration for Annuities granted						57,646	15	6
Interest and Dividends						100,139	4	5
Profit and Loss Account :—								
Exchange				£1,537	1	6		
Securities realised				781	5	4		
Loan Charges and Assignment Fees				29	1	5		
						2,347	8	3
						£2,802,883	9	5

We have examined the above Statement with the Books of Account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Dated this 25th September, 1877.

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } Auditors.

Claims under Policies :—								
Deaths ..	£195,034	2	0					
Endowments ..	94,073	8	10					
				£289,107	10	10		
Less Re-Assured				1,844	13	4		
						£287,262	17	6
Surrenders						35,791	6	3
Annuities						25,289	10	0
Commission						38,024	14	11
Expenses of Management :—								
For the acquisition of New Business :—								
Inspectors, Agency, and Travelling Expenses				£15,503	15	9		
Advertising				7,631	0	10		
Medical Fees				4,090	12	6		
				27,225	9	1		
General Expenses				38,468	5	1		
Fiscal Expenses :—								
Stamps and Income Tax (English and Foreign) ..				3,983	7	8		
						69,677	1	10
Dividends and Bonus to Shareholders						17,085	12	0
Bonus in Cash to Policyholders						504	9	2
Amount of Funds at the end of the year, as per Second Schedule						2,329,256	17	9
						£2,802,883	9	5

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.
GEORGE TYLER, Director.
EDWARD SOLLY, Director.
F. A. CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

SECOND SCHEDULE.—Balance Sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," on the 30th June, 1877.

LIABILITIES.

Shareholders' Capital paid up				£21,712	0	0		
Assurance Fund				2,111,047	9	3		
Annuity Fund				194,461	16	6		
Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes Fund ..				2,035	12	0		
Total Funds as per First Schedule ..							£2,329,256	17 9
Claims admitted but not paid				65,971	0	11		
Less Re-Assured				400	0	0		
						65,571	0	11
Annuities outstanding						1,648	10	2
Share Dividends and Bonus not applied for						308	17	10
Other Accounts						Nil.		
						£2,396,785	6	8

We have verified at the Bank of England the inscription of the Government Funds, in the name of THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, and have examined the Books, Documents, and Securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Dated this 25th September, 1877

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } Auditors.

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom			£213,013	11 6
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom			Nil.	
Loans on the Company's Policies			194,033	9 7
Investments :—				
In British Government Securities			148,899	11 10
Foreign Government Securities			442,715	4 6
Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks			747,998	7 10
Railway Shares (Preference and Ordinary)			11,660	0 0
House Property			292,215	9 1
Loans upon personal security			29,419	4 2
Credit Premiums			45,177	10 11
Advances on Reversionary Interests and on Deposits of Securities			42,848	6 7
Furniture and Fittings			7,117	14 9
Stamps and Stationery			1,500	0 0
Agents' Balances			73,521	8 8
Outstanding Premiums			75,166	0 5
Outstanding Interest and Rent			34,050	19 11
Cash in hand and on Current Account			39,445	6 11
			£2,396,785	6 8

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.
GEORGE TYLER, Director.
EDWARD SOLLY, Director.
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Printed for the Proprietor by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by EDWARD DALLOW, at 136 Strand, London, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, October 20, 1877.